PLANET
No. 55
JULY
10c
FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES
52 Pages
"GIANTS OF THE GOLDEN ATOM"
-A Thrilling LOST WORLD Adventure
MYSTA OF THE MOON
FUTURA - STAR PIRATE -

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE


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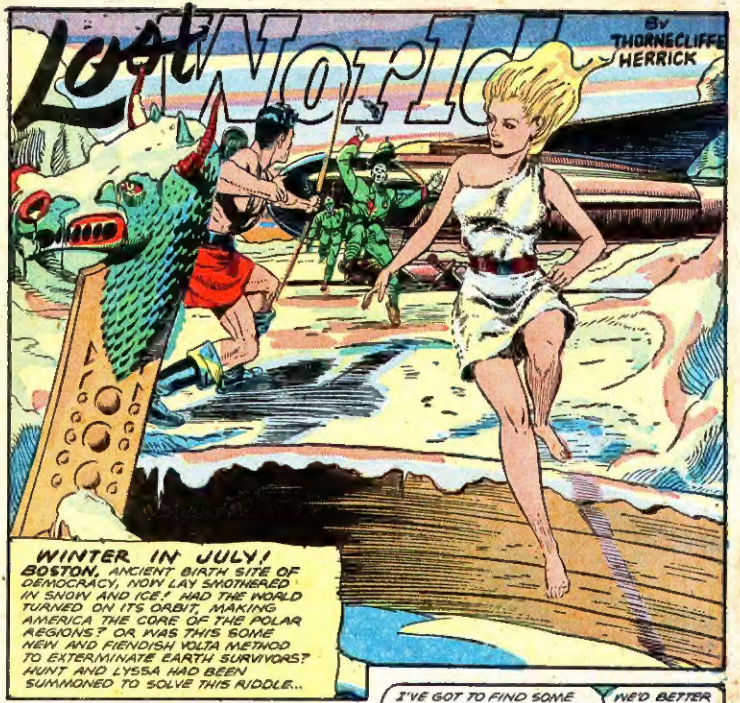
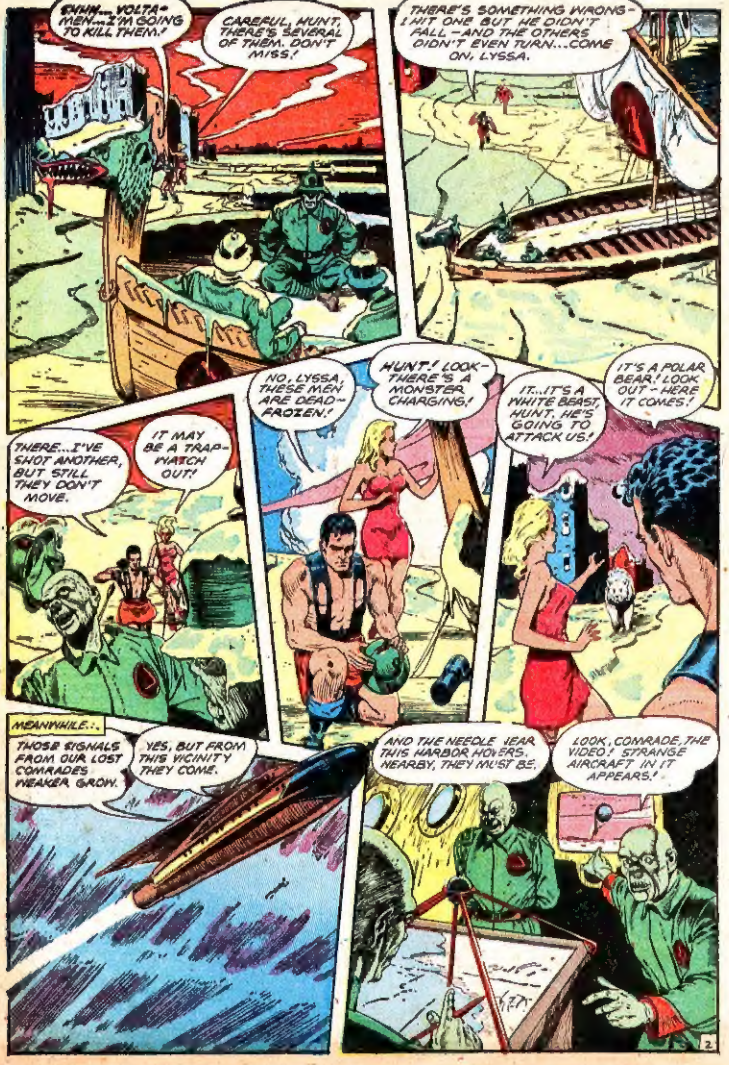
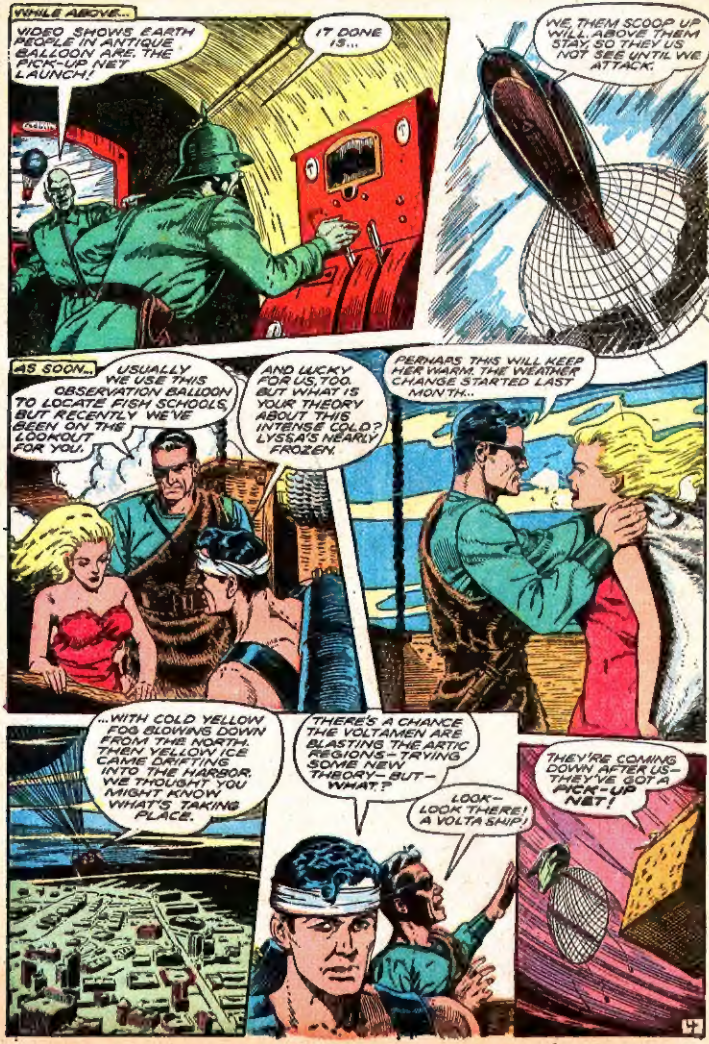

Lost World
By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK
WINTER IN JULY!
BOSTON, ANCIENT BIRTH SITE OF DEMOCRACY, NOW LAY SMOTHERED IN SNOW AND ICE! HAD THE WORLD TURNED ON ITS ORBIT, MAKING AMERICA THE CORE OF THE POLAR REGIONS? OR WAS THIS SOME NEW AND FIENDISH YOLTA METHOD TO EXTERMINATE EARTH SURVIVORS? HUNT AND LYSSA HAD BEEN SUMMONED TO SOLVE THIS RIDDLE...

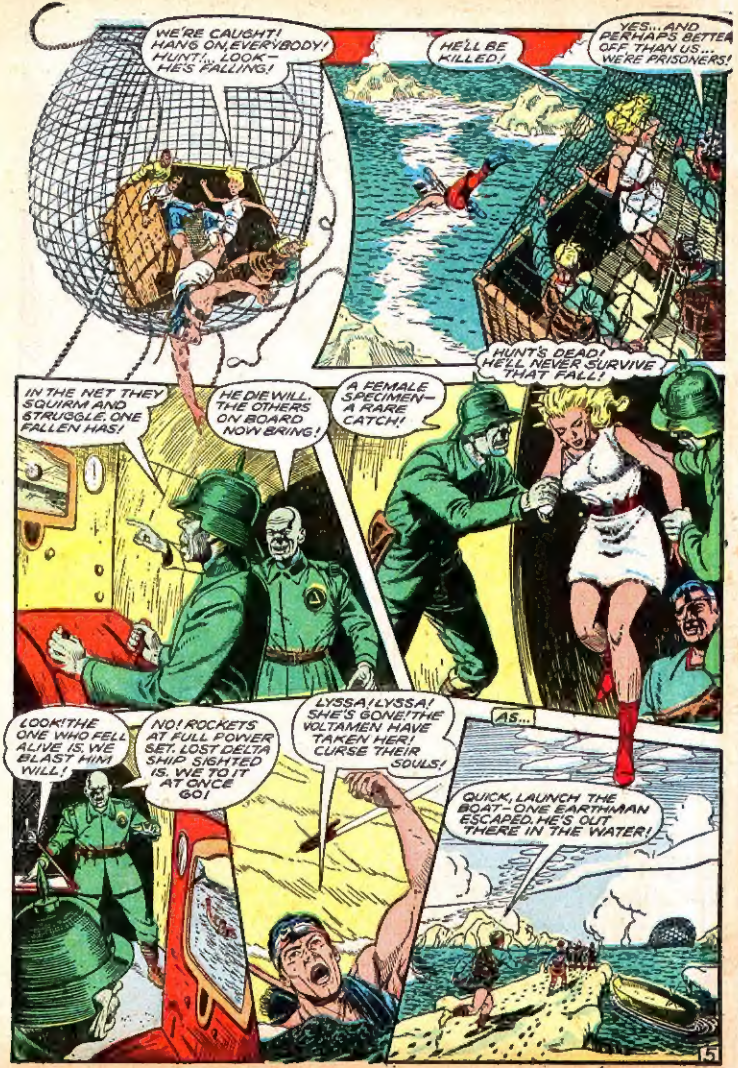
THIS IS WHERE THE BOSTON TEA PARTY TOOK PLACE — WHERE THE FARMERS FOUGHT AT BUNKER HILL...
...AND NOT FAR FROM WHERE PAUL REVERE MADE HIS FAMOUS RIDE. I KNOW, HUNT...BUT RIGHT NOW, I'M COLD!

I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WARMER CLOTHING. WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THOSE MEN WHO CALLED US ARE?
WE'D BETTER START LOOKING FOR THEM. LOOK! LOOK THERE!


GWHH... VOLTA-MEN...I'M GOING TO KILL THEM!
CAREFUL, HUNT, THERE'S SEVERAL OF THEM. DON'T MISS!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG- I HIT ONE BUT HE DIDN'T FALL - AND THE OTHERS DIDN'T EVEN TURN...COME ON, LYSSA.
THERE...I'VE SHOT ANOTHER, BUT STILL THEY DON'T MOVE.
IT MAY BE A TRAP- WATCH OUT!
NO, LYSSA, THESE MEN ARE DEAD- FROZEN!
HUNT! LOOK- THERE'S A MONSTER CHARGING!
IT...IT'S A WHITE BEAST, HUNT, HE'S GOING TO ATTACK US!
IT'S A POLAR BEAR! LOOK OUT - HERE IT COMES!
MEANWHILE...
THOSE SIGNALS FROM OUR LOST COMRADES WEAKEN, GROH.
YES, BUT FROM THIS VICINITY THEY COME.
AND THE NEEDLE NEAR THIS HARBOR MOVERS. NEARBY, THEY MUST BE.
LOOK, COMRADE, THE VIDEO! STRANGE AIRCRAFT IN IT APPEARS!
2

WHILE...
I'LL GET YOUR BOW, HUNT!
QUICK—HE'S HUNGER-MAD!
I'VE GOT IT—AND HUNT'S LIFE DEPENDS ON THIS SHOT!
HE'S CLAWING ME...LYSSA, DON'T MISS—OOHH!
I DIDN'T—HE DROPPED HUNT—BUT NOW HE'S TURNING TO CHARGE ME!
NO CHANCE—THIS BOW'S MY ONLY WEAPON—WHAT!
WHY—WHO ARE YOU?
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER...JUMP ABOARD THAT PLATFORM. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE MAN.
AS ABOVE...
COME ON, START WINDING—CHARLIE'S GOT THEM.
YES, I WONDER IF THAT'S BOYYMAN—THE LEADER WE SENT FOR?
I HOPE SO. PERHAPS HE WILL KNOW THE REASON FOR THIS UNBEARABLE COLD.


WHILE ABOVE...
VIDEO SHOWS EARTH PEOPLE IN ANTIQUE BALLOON ARE THE PICK-UP NET LAUNCH!
IT DONE IS...
WE THEM SCOOP UP WILL, ABOVE THEM STAY SO THEY US NOT SEE UNTIL WE ATTACK.
AS SOON...
USUALLY WE USE THIS OBSERVATION BALLOON TO LOCATE FISH SCHOOLS, BUT RECENTLY WE'VE BEEN ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOU.
AND LUCKY FOR US, TOO. BUT WHAT IS YOUR THEORY ABOUT THIS INTENSE COLD? LYSSA'S NEARLY FROZEN.
PERHAPS THIS WILL KEEP HER WARM. THE WEATHER CHANGE STARTED LAST MONTH...
...WITH COLD YELLOW FOG BLOWING DOWN FROM THE NORTH. THEN YELLOW ICE CAME DRIFTING INTO THE HARBOR. WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT KNOW WHAT'S TAKING PLACE.
THERE'S A CHANCE THE VOLTAMEN ARE BLASTING THE ARTIC REGIONS—TRYING SOME NEW THERY—BUT—WHAT?
LOOK—LOOK THERE! A VOLTA SHIP!
THEY'RE COMING DOWN AFTER US—THEY'VE GOT A PICK-UP NET!


WE'RE CAUGHT! HANG ON, EVERYBODY! HUNT!... LOOK— HE'S FALLING!
HE'LL BE KILLED!
YES... AND PERHAPS BETTER OFF THAN US... WE'RE PRISONERS!
HUNT'S DEAD! HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THAT FALL!
IN THE NET THEY SQUIRM AND STRUGGLE. ONE FALLEN HAS!
HE DIE WILL. THE OTHERS ON BOARD NOW BRING!
A FEMALE SPECIMEN— A RARE CATCH!
LOOK! THE ONE WHO FELL ALIVE IS. WE BLAST HIM WILL!
NO! ROCKETS AT FULL POWER SET. LOST DELTA SHIP SIGHTED IS. WE TO IT AT ONCE GO!
LYSSA! LYSSA! SHE'S GONE! THE VOLTAMEN HAVE TAKEN HER! CURSE THEIR SOULS!
AS...
QUICK, LAUNCH THE BOAT— ONE EARTHMAN ESCAPED. HE'S OUT THERE IN THE WATER!

TWICE HUNT BOWMAN SANK IN THE ICY WATERS BEFORE THE VALIANT BARTHMEN REACHED AND HAULED HIM ABOARD THEIR TINY CRAFT. IT WAS SOMETIME LATER, ON BOSTON COMMONS, WHEN...
HE'S BREATHING STEADY NOW--OPENING HIS EYES!
GOOD...HE'S HUNT BOWMAN...THE ONLY ONE WHO ESCAPED THE VOLTA ATTACK!
LOOK...OUR WATCHER SIGNALS FROM THE TOWER, THE VOLTAMEN HAVE LANDED ON AN ICEBERG IN THE HARBOR!
YES...AND BOWMAN'S CONSCIOUS. WE'LL CARRY HIM TO A SAFE HIDING PLACE.
I-I HEARD... WHAT'S THIS ABOUT VOLTAMEN LANDING?
THEY'RE HERE WE MUST FLEE!
FLEE? NO-THEY'VE GOT LYSSA AND THE FISHERMEN. YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT...I'M GOING TO TRY TO SAVE THEM!
MEANWHILE...
THAT LOST DELTA SHIP IS! ORDER ALL ABOARD THROUGH HEAT SPRAY TO PASS, BEFORE THEY US FOLLOW!
AS INSIDE...
LEADER CALLS AND BIDS US COME. THIS FLUID US TO COLD IMMUNE MAKES. HURRY!
NOW THEY HAVE FOUND THEIR LOST SHIP, LYSSA. WILL THEY TAKE US TO VOLTA?
IN THE EXCITEMENT THEY FORGOT ABOUT US-LEFT THE SHIP UNGUARDED-COME ON--IT'S OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
6

SOON...
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT COMING, BUT I'D RATHER DIE THAN LIVE HERE LIKE A RAT-WHAT!
TAKE THE STERN OAR, HUNT, WE'LL GO ALONG.
GOOD MEN-COME ON!
WHILE...
FIRE HOSES START-THE ICE MELT. WE INTO IT BREAK.
LOOK... WHAT CREATURES AROUND IT THOSE ARE?
THEY INTO SHIP TRIED TO BREAK... THEN DECOMPOSED. STRANGE PRIMITIVE WEAPONS THEY HAVE! BUT TO WORK.. WE, OUR LOCKED IN COMPANIONS MUST FREE! WHAT!
LOOK! LOOK! PRISONERS ESCAPING ARE! SOME OF YOU ME FOLLOW!
AS...
THEY SAW US! THIS WAY. WE'VE GOT TO FIND A PLACE TO HIDE!
THEY'RE COMING FAST-WE'RE CORNERED!
LOOK, LYSSA - A CAVE! WE'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT!
7

MEANWHILE
WE'RE LUCKY- THEY HAVEN'T SPOTTED US.
I'VE A HUNCH THEY'RE HUNTING FOR THE SAUCER THAT THOSE FROZEN ONES CAME FROM- THE ONES LYSSA AND I SHOT AT
AND I'M RIGHT! IT'S AN ICE-LOCKED VOLTA SHIP. THEY'VE BROKEN INTO IT--TAKING OUT SURVIVORS.
HE YOUR DISTRESS SIGNAL GOT, BUT DIFFICULTY TO LOCATE YOU HAD.
LET THE GIANTS SLEEP- THEM AWAKEN DO NOT!
GIANTS? THE COLD HIS MIND UNHINGED HAS- OHHH!
IT THAT EARTH-ARCHER BOWMAN IS! GET HIM!
AS IN THE CAVE
SOME OF THE VOLTAMEN ARE STILL FOLLOWING US, LYSSA.
I KNOW. WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT- LOOK!
AND BEFORE THEM IN THE YELLOW GLOOM, HUGE FROZEN GIANTS LOOM LIKE SILENT SENTINELS..
THEY'RE EMBEDDED IN THE ICE - WHY.. THEY ALMOST LOOK AS THOUGH THEY WERE ALIVE!
YES... RELICS FROM SOME PREHISTORIC AGE BUT WE MUST KEEP GOING- THE VOLTAMEN ARE BEHIND US!

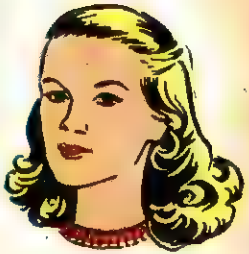
WHILE OUTSIDE...
THE PRISONERS IN CAVE WENT INSTEAD OF THEM CHASING, WE WITH FIRE HOSE IT BLAST WILL. ICE WILL THEM ALIVE BURY - FIRE!
GOOD. IT MELTS AND CRASH WALL - BUT LOOK!
AS TOTTERING FROM THE FROZEN DEPTHS...
...THE MONSTERS LURCH... AND WITH WAR-LIKE SCREAMS, STAGGER FORWARD.
SHOOT, BROTHERS, SHOOT! THEY OF THE TRIBE WHICH TRIED TO SMASH THE DELTA SHIP ARE!
SOME FALL - BUT OTHERS COME TO OUR SHIP RETREAT - HELP WE MUST HAVE!
AS, INSIDE
THE VOLTAMEN'S FIRE HOSE FREED THEM, CHARLIE COME, THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET AWAY!
YES, LYSSA BUT WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!
61

CAREFUL—HE HALF FROZEN! IS—HIM WARM GET— WHAT!
FOOLS! FOOLS! THE MONSTERS YOU AWAKENED HAVE! THEY COME!
RAY GUNS TO DESTROY SET!... FIRE!
LYSSA! YOU'VE ESCAPED—THANK HEAVENS!
YES! GET TO THE BOAT! NO TIME TO LOSE!
AS
LOOK THERE! STRANGE HUMAN BEASTS ARE ATTACKING THE VOLTAMEN STAY BACK. WHO'S THAT?
IT'S A FIGHT TO THE FINISH, HUNT. THOSE MONSTERS WERE FROZEN IN THE CAVE. THE VOLTAMEN'S FIRE RELEASED THEM!
THEN THEY'LL DISINTEGRATE SOON IN THE AIR. THIS WAY, HURRY!
THEY'VE MASSACRED THE VOLTAMEN ALREADY, AND SEE, SOME OF THEM FAINT—BUT OTHERS ARE BREAKING INTO THE SHIP!
LATER..
AN EXPLOSION! THEY'VE SMASHED SOME LOADED ROCKET!
AND EXTERMINATED THEMSELVES. I'M GLAD THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!

The LOST WORLD IN EVERY PLANET COMICS!!

# ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR

# BAD SKIN



## Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

## JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

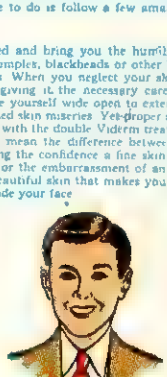
By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yes-proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

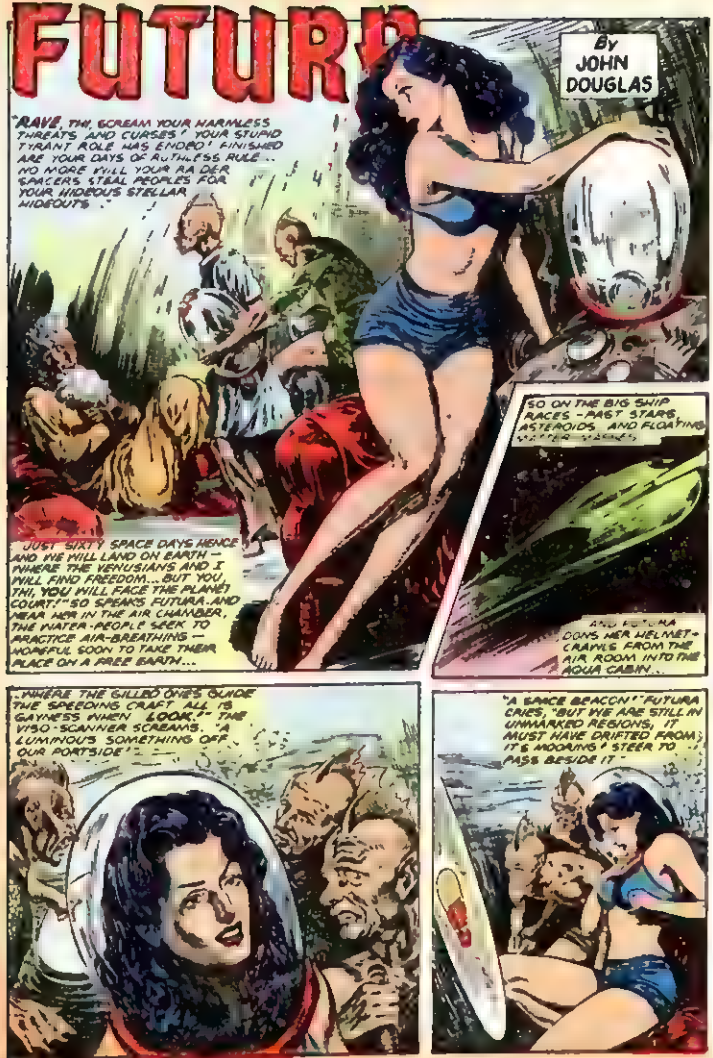
Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent [illegible] caused skin miseries and [illegible].

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 208 Division Street, Dept 207 New York 2 N Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions and both jars packed in a safety sealed carton. On delivery pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that up to this month over two [illegible] thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me about it, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

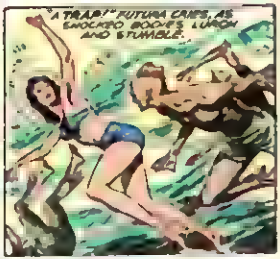
# FUTURA

By JOHN DOUGLAS


"RAVE, TH'! SCREAM YOUR HARMLESS THREATS AND CURSES! YOUR STUPID TYRANT ROLE HAS ENDED! FINISHED ARE YOUR DAYS OF RUTHLESS RULE... NO MORE WILL YOUR RAIDER SPACERS STEAL PEOPLES FOR YOUR HIDEOUS STELLAR HIDEOUTS..
JUST SIXTY SPACE DAYS HENCE AND WE WILL LAND ON EARTH — WHERE THE VENUSIANS AND I WILL FIND FREEDOM... BUT YOU, TH', YOU WILL FACE THE PLANET COURT!" SO SPEAKS FUTURA AND HEAR HER IN THE AIR CHAMBER, THE WATER-PEOPLE SEEK TO PRACTICE AIR-BREATHING — MOURNFUL SOON TO TAKE THEIR PLACE ON A FREE EARTH...
SO ON THE BIG SHIP RACES - PAST STARS, ASTEROIDS AND FLOATING METEOR-SPACE-ICE...
AND FUTURA DONS HER HELMET- CRAWLS FROM THE AIR ROOM INTO THE AQUA CABIN..
"WHERE THE GILLED ONES QUIDE THE SPEEDING CRAFT ALL IS GAYNESS WHEN "LOOOK, F" THE VISO-SCANNER SCREAMS. "A LUMINOUS SOMETHING OFF OUR PORTSIDE"!
"A SPACE BEACON!" FUTURA CRIES, "BUT WE ARE STILL IN UNMARKED REGIONS, IT MUST HAVE DRIFTED FROM; IT'S MOORING! STEER TO PASS BESIDE IT"

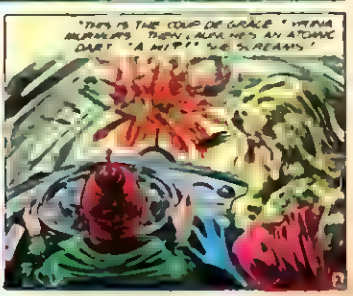
WHILE INVADE THE BLACK BODY STANDS
AS A FAR NAKED GODDESS OVER THE
SHE HAS A WAND SHAPED LIKE
SAID
CANNON TO KILL! RAY -
NOW FIRE!-

INSTANTLY, A
STRIKE OF
FIRE DESTROYS
THE ALIEN
CRAFT


"A TRAP!" FUTURA CRIES, AS
SMOKE BOOMS, LURCH
AND STUMBLE.

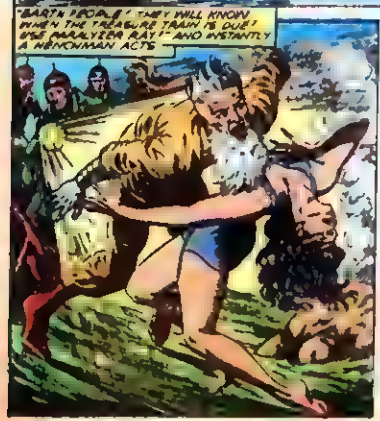
"THAT BEAM CAN
AFFECT
ONLY
TO ATTACK US!"

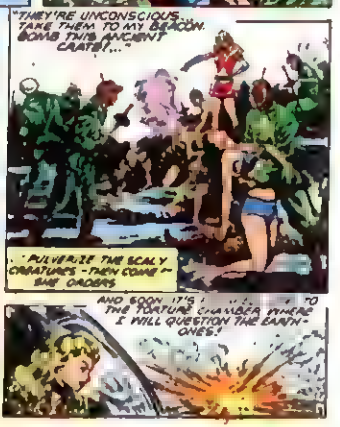
RECOILING AND AVOIDING THE
THE NOW CLOSED
ANTENNAE!


"THIS IS THE COUP DE GRACE," VIRGINIA
MURMURS. "THEN, ALONE WITH AN ATOMIC
DART - "A HIT!" SHE SCREAMS!

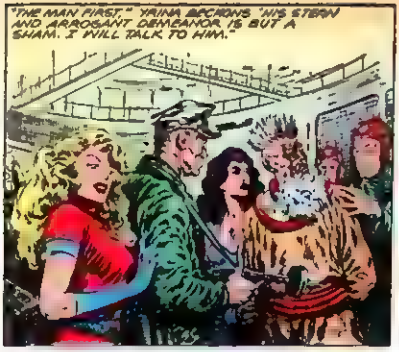
SUDDENLY, FUTURA'S CANNON ROARS BUT WHEN THE LOADED DART EXPLODES HER CRAFT "DIE CRACK APART - ALL IS LOST!" SUE FUMBLERS - THEN WHALES - SOMEONE STRIKES BEHIND HER.

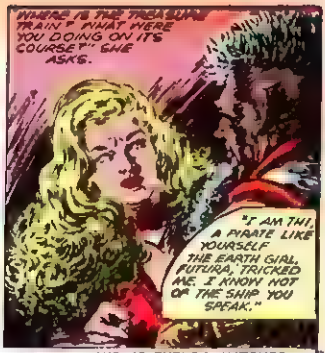
"REVENGE IS MINE!" ROARS THE SHATTERING SHATTERING LOOSED MY FETTERS - AND NOW YOU DIE!"
AND AS THEY STAGGER TO A BOARDS THE STARKEN SHIP ALL LUCK SUE GAZES - FOR THERE REMAINS - NO TIME FOR ONE LAST BOMB!

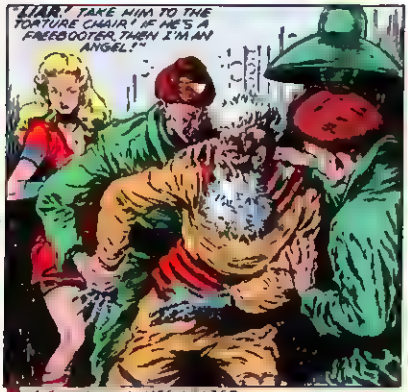

"EARTH PEOPLE" THEY WILL KNOW WHEN THE TREASURE TRAIN IS DUE! "PULVERIZE ALL" - AND INSTANTLY A HENCHMAN ACTS


"THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS... TAKE THEM TO MY BEACON. BOMB THIS ANCIENT CRATE!..."
"PULVERIZE THE SCALY CREATURES - THEN COME - SUE ORDERS


AND SOON, IT'S ' ' TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER WHERE I WILL QUESTION THE EARTH-ONES!

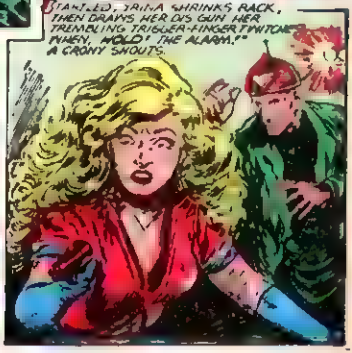

"THE MAN FIRST." YRINA DECREES. "HIS ETERN AND ARROGANT DEMEANOR IS BUT A SHAM. I WILL TALK TO HIM."


WHERE IS THE TRIBUNAL TRAIN? WHAT WERE YOU DOING ON ITS COURSE?" SHE ASKS.
"I AM THI, A PIRATE LIKE YOURSELF. THE EARTH GIRL, FUTURA, TRICKED ME. I KNOW NOT OF THE SHIP YOU SPEAK."

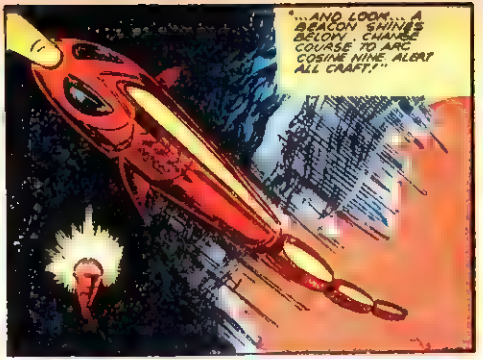

LIAR! TAKE HIM TO THE TORTURE CHAIR IF HE'S A FREEBOOTER, THEN I'M AN ANGEL!"

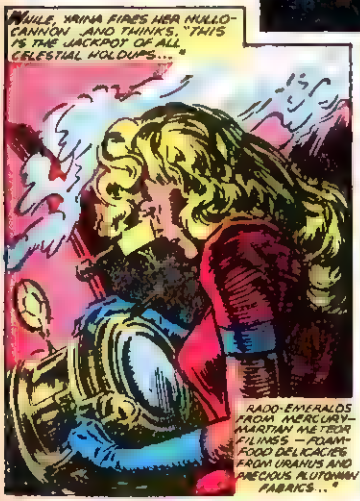
AND AS FUTURA WATCHES— LIGHTS FLICKER — FLESH MELTS "YOU ARE NEXT," YRINA THREATENS.

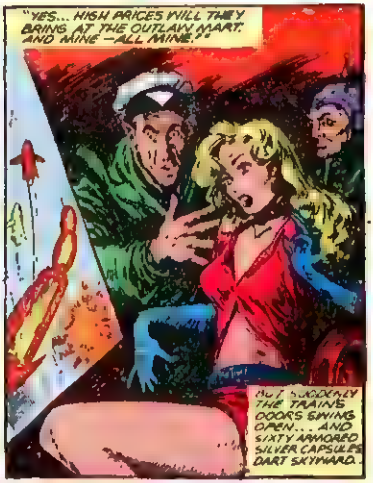
SUDDENLY A MAD CRAZED FUTURA LURCHES FROM HER CAPTORS. "STINKING SLIME-I'LL TEAR YOU TO SHREDS!"


STARTLED, YRINA SHRINKS BACK, THEN DRAWS HER OIS GUN HER TREMBLING TRIGGER-FINGER TWITCHES. "WHEW, HOLD! THE ALARM." A CRONY SHOUTS.

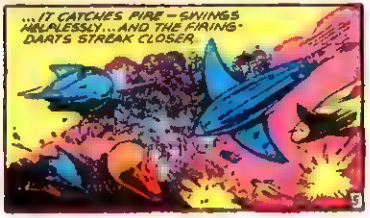
WHILE INSIDE THE CONTROL-CHAMBER OF THE ONCOMING SPACER-TRAIN, THE ENGINEER STUDIES THE ASTRAL CHARTS—WE ARE ENTERING THE DANGER ZONE, MEYNARD!


...AND LOOK... A BEACON SHINES BELOW! CHANGE COURSE TO ARC COSINE NINE! ALERT ALL CRAFT!"


WHILE, YRINA FIRES HER NULLO-CANNON AND THINKS, "THIS IS THE JACKPOT OF ALL CELESTIAL HOLDUPS..."
RADIO-EMERALDS FROM MERCURY—MARTIAN METEOR FILINGS—ROAM-FOOD DELICACIES FROM URANUS AND PRECIOUS PLUTONIAN FABRICS..."


"YES... HIGH PRICES WILL THEY BRING AT THE OUTLAW MART! AND MINE—ALL MINE!"
ALL SUDDENLY THE TRAINS DOORS SWING OPEN... AND SIXTY ARMORED SILVER CAPSULES DART SKYWARD.

TWISTING, TURNING, BURNING DESTRO BEAMS, THEY LASH DOWN AT THE ANCHORED BUOY...


...IT CATCHES FIRE—SWINGS HELPLESSLY...AND THE FIRING-DARTS STREAK CLOSER.

"THEY CALLED US "IT'S THE SINGLE PARADE," YRANA CRIES. "NO ESCAPE! BUT THAT SOMEONE ANOTHER CALLS MY BLUFF? WHY THAT WILL DO IT!"
A WHIP-WIELDER IN HAND SHE NEARS FUTURA — WOULD HURT SHE COMMANDS HER HENCHMEN
FUTURA STRUGGLES, BUT THE NEEDLE PENETRATES HER SKIN — SHE SINKS WHEN THE POISON STUNS HER
AND SECONDS LATER "SURRENDER OR DIE" THE ARMY CAPTAIN ROARS ECHO THE ANSWER — AH BUT WHERE IS YRANA — SHE AIN'T
OUTSTRETCHED REACHES HIS SLEEVE... PRISONER HERE YRANA
THE CAPTAIN WHIRLS — TRAINS HIS GUN ON THE PROSTRATE FORM, AS YRANA RECOILS IN MOCK PROTEST — "CHAINS," HE ORDERS. "AND LOCK HER FAST THE VIXEN SHALL DECIDE HER FATE — AND THE VERDICT WILL BE DEATH!"

FUTURA appears in every PLANET COMICS!

# MURDER ON MERCURY

By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

THE hate had come slowly, as most emotions do, growing out of the long weeks of being together in the cramped quarters of the tiny space ship. For the first few weeks and months, there had been talk and plans and the checker games that whiled away the weary hours when there had been no work to do.

Then the sullen silence had fallen like a pall over their companionship, drifting in between the two, separating them as surely as if it had been a steelite wall through which nothing could break.

Sel Torg had noticed it first, had given it but small heed. But his partner, Mart Gurd, had built up the tension, had curried and warmed it, until now they spoke only when they had to.

And from the warmth of the growing hate, the thoughts of murder spread. It was not the first time that murder had come into the depths of ebon space; that had happened many times before when men had grown insane from utter stillness and darkness.

But this had become more personal, now that their goal was almost achieved. It became a tangible thing in the cabin of the small ship, emanating from each of the men's minds, as they studied the instrument board where a red needle flicked erratically on a green dial.

"It's there," Torg whispered. "A fortune on that rogue asteroid."

Gurd nodded, watching the needle, his mind swinging back to the thing that had happened almost a year before.

They had been forced down on Mercury, landing where no other Earth ship had ever touched soil. There had been the terrible heat of the planet to fight, while they repaired their driving jets, along with the scaly monsters that literally lived in flames, their lairs built in the walls of the glowing lava lakes that dotted the Sunward side of the tiny planet.

They had lacked certain metals to finish their repair job, and had been attacked by the monsters, while searching for ore from which they could strip the metal they needed.

They had fought with their guns; but the rays and bullets had done absolutely no damage. Then the weird people who lived beneath the crust of Mercury had appeared and saved their lives, driving the beasts into frantic flight.

But that had been like jumping from the frying pan into the fire, for the rescuers had superstitiously sentenced them to death. They had been caged in a prison below the surface, awaiting the day sentence would be fulfilled.

And it was then that they saw more wealth than they had ever thought existed. Mercury was a world of volcanic action, and the stress and strain of the heat had literally studded the earth with diamonds, along with gold and other precious metals. They had found a gigantic fortune, and were doomed to die.

Then Torg had discovered that the Mercurians needed a certain rare mineral to live, a radioactive mineral without which their weird life process could not continue. And he had found out that all such mineral had been stripped from Mercury. With that knowledge had come a plan.

He had convinced the Mercurians that such a mineral could be found on other worlds or asteroids, and that he and Gurd would find a quantity and bring it back, if they were permitted to exchange it for the gold and silver and diamonds that were useless to the Mercurians.

The Mercurians had agreed, had even helped them find the metal with which to repair their ship. Torg and Gurd had blasted into space, equipped with a small instrument that would help identify the radioactive mineral when found.

They had taken along with them a small box given them by the Mercurians. Of some

metal so indestructible that nothing could scratch its surface, it was hermetically tight, and protected them from the baleful rays of the mineral. A simple catch held the lid closed, and so smoothly machined was it, there was no trace of the joining. The Mercurians claimed that it belonged to their ancestors, and that they had never found the secret of duplicating or machining the metal.

They had stored the box in a closet, and begun their search for the key to tremendous wealth. For weeks they had searched the explored worlds, then had begun their search of the asteroids that flung through space.

They had discovered nothing in months, then had circled warily about this small airless asteroid, and felt wild excitement in their minds when they saw the needle quiver on the instrument.

"Land," Gurd said.

Torg nodded, flicked control levers, lowering the ship slowly to the asteroid. There was a barely perceptible jar, and then the thrumming of rockets faded.

Without speaking, the two men slid into their space suits, Torg lifting the metal box, Gord holding the drilling tools, and they entered the air lock. A second later, the port opened, and they stepped to the cold surface of the asteroid.

Torg held the instrument in his hand, checking the figures, then pointed. They began to walk, going easily, despite the lack of gravity, bouncing into the air at each step. For months they had done this, and it was second nature.

They searched for several hours before they found the mineral deposit and began drilling. Within an hour they had almost filled the Mercurian box. Lifting it easily, Gurd chuckled to himself, then laid it aside. He was ready to kill now, to get all for himself, and his hand reached for his gun.

He turned to kill Torg, and the other's gun shot him to death. He fell over the mineral box. Torg walked to his side, pushed his body callously away, closed the box's lid, snapped it fast. Then lifting the box, he walked heavily back to the ship.

Within the ship, he placed the box in a closet, then stripped away his space suit. Without another thought for his slain partner, he sent the ship spiralling into space, going at a reckless speed for Mercury.

And it was his speed that caused him to crash. The repaired jets could not take the awful power pounding through them, and collapsed just as he made his landing. The ship pinwheeled for hundreds of yards before coming to rest.

Torg was knocked unconscious, coming to hours later, seeing the Mercurians gathered outside. He put on his space suit, lifted the box, and stepped into the air-lock. A second later, the port opened, and he was stepping into the thin atmosphere of the hot planet.

He placed the box on the ground, watched as the red natives brought up bag after bag of gleaming jewels and heavy gold.

"We need the mineral," one Mercurian said harshly, "for without it we will be dead within a few days. Open the box so that we may see that you have brought that which you promised."

"It's there," Torg said, bent and snapped back the catch.

His gloved fingers tried to open the lid, but could gain no purchase. A Mercurian tried to help, failed—then several more tried their strength.

Torg could feel the sweat on his face. He remembered how Gurd had fallen, wondered if he had jammed the lid. Then the truth came to his mind, and he tried to explain what had happened, tried to talk through the cries of hate that came from the suddenly savage natives who thought they had been tricked.

His hand went for his gun, and the natives attacked in a screaming wave of death. He fought for seconds, before they struck him down. His suit tore, and the heat and poisonous air came sifting into his lungs. He was dying, and the utter mockery of fate gripped his mind.

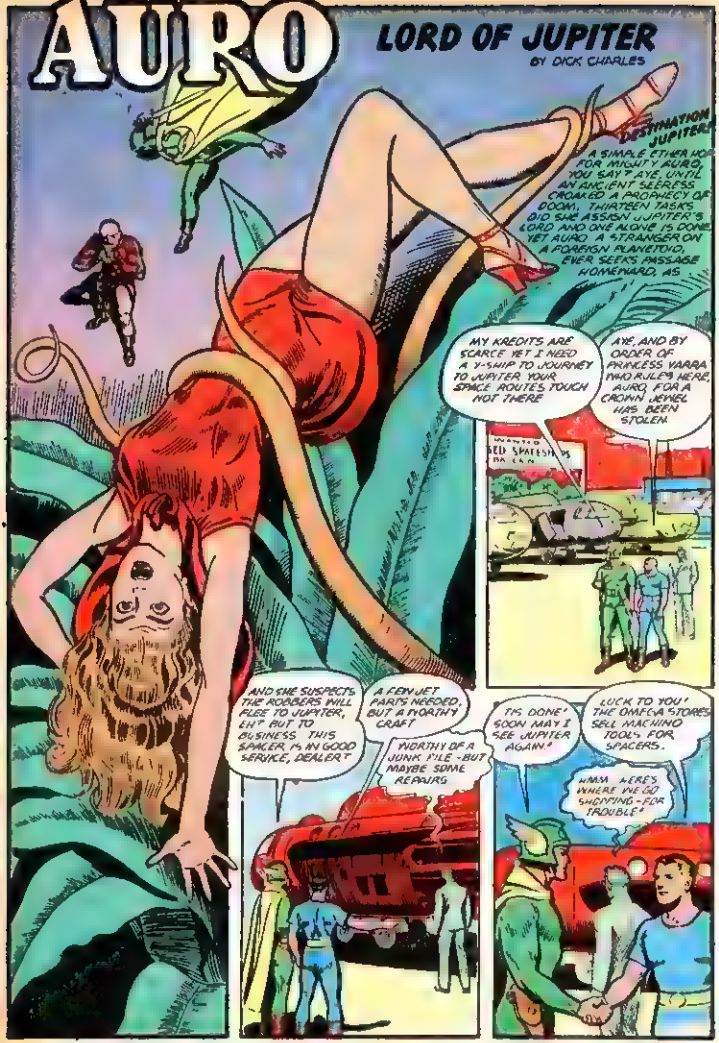
He knew why the box wouldn't open. It had been closed in the vacuum of space, without a bit of pressure inside. And now, with the air pressure of Mercury's atmosphere against it, the lid could not be opened.

He tried to explain, and the words jammed in his throat. He tried to scream, but no sounds came from his lips. He seemed to hear the soft laughter of Gurd, as he died.

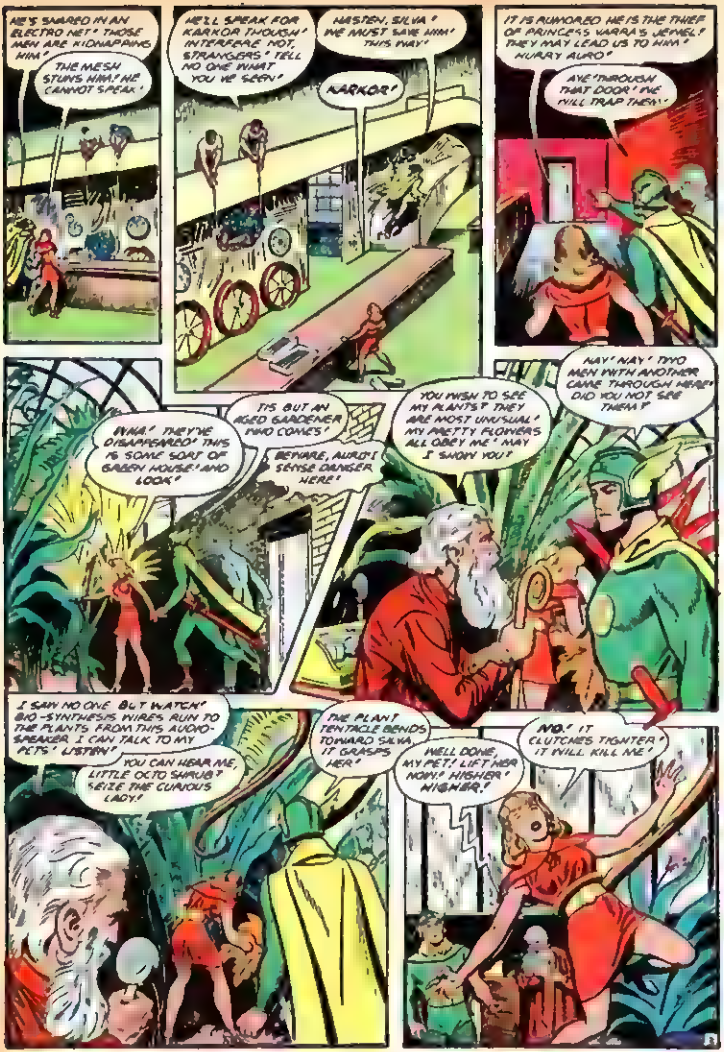
# AURO

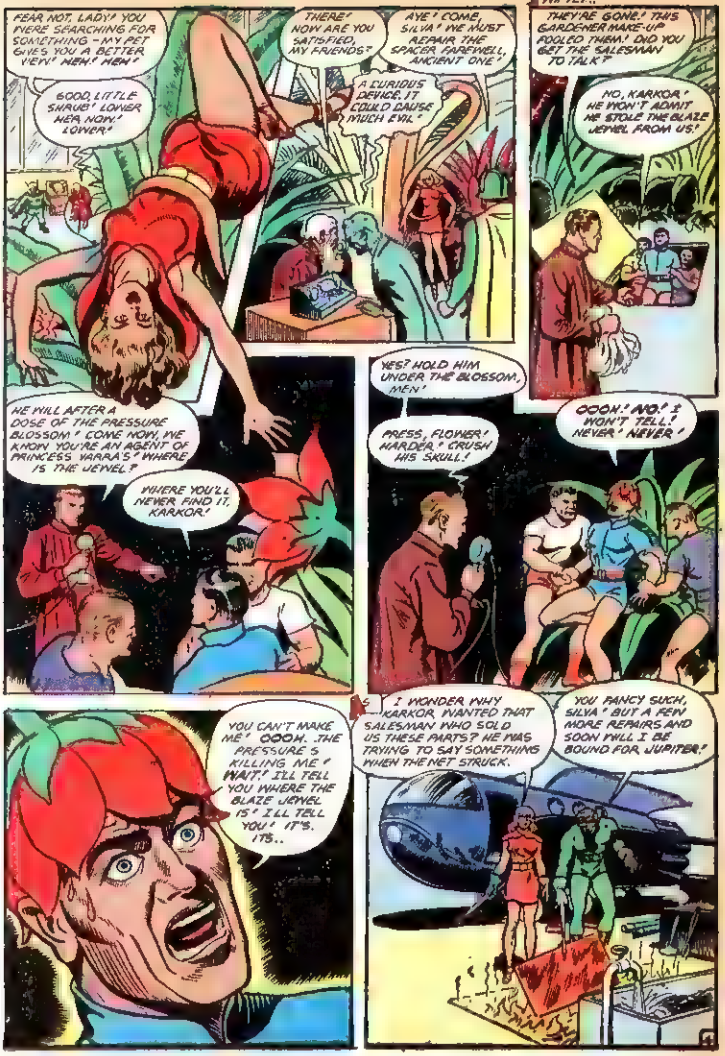
## LORD OF JUPITER

BY DICK CHARLES

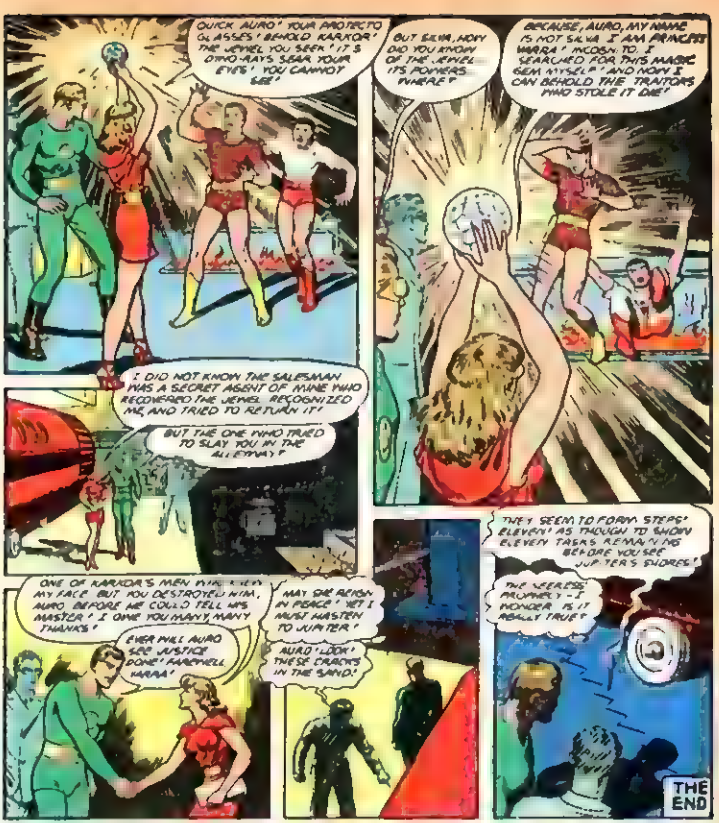

DESTINATION JUPITER!
A SIMPLE ETHER HOP FOR MIGHTY AURO, YOU SAY? AYE, UNTIL AN ANCIENT SORCERESS CRAMMED A PROPHECY OF DOOM! THIRTEEN TASKS DID SHE ASSIGN JUPITER'S LORD AND ONE ALONE IS DONE YET AURO A STRANGER ON A FOREIGN PLANETOID, EVER SEEKS PASSAGE HOMEWARD, AS
MY KREDITS ARE SCARCE YET I NEED A Y-SHIP TO JOURNEY TO JUPITER. YOUR SPACE ROUTES TOUCH NOT THERE
AYE, AND BY ORDER OF PRINCESS VARRA WHO RULES HERE, AURO, FOR A CROWN JEWEL HAS BEEN STOLEN
AND SHE SUSPECTS THE ROGUERS WILL FLEE TO JUPITER, EH? BUT TO BUSINESS. THIS SPACER, IS AN GOOD SERVICE, DEALER?
A FEW JET PARTS NEEDED, BUT A WORTHY CRAFT
WORTHY OF A JUNK PILE - BUT MAYBE SOME REPAIRS
'TIS DONE! SOON MAY I SEE JUPITER AGAIN!
LUCK TO YOU! THE OMEGA STORES SELL MACHINO TOOLS FOR SPACERS.
WHM WERE WE GO SHOPPING - FOR TROUBLE?

REPAIRS! PARTS! TOOLS! AULD THAT MY EARTH BRAIN HAD NEVER BEEN GRAFTED IN AURO'S SKULL!
HOLY! A SCREAM!
MERRY! TROUBLE INDEED! THIS PRINCESS VARRA HAS A BAD POLICE FORCE TO ALLOW SUCH VIOLENCE! COME, AURO!
WHA...! I MUST SAVE THE MAN!
BY TAO, TASTE THE SAME TREATMENT YOU WOULD DEAL A HELPLESS GIRL!
OOOH... HE TRIED TO KILL ME! BUT LOOK OUT! HIS BLAST RAY!
IT AVAILS NOT AGAINST THE SWORD OF AURO! DIE, SCUM!
WELL DONE, STRANGER! NOW MUST SILVA TORG SHOW HER GRATITUDE! COME, AURO!
OOOH YOU CAN ADVISE ME IN MY PURCHASES, SILVA
GLADLY! THE BEST TOOLS ARE SOLD HERE!
TOOLS? SURELY METAL GRINDERS, PROTECTO-GOGGLES, SMELTING PINCERS, SOMETHING ELSE?
AYE, JET SOCKET SCRAPERS. THE SANCER IS AGED AND MY JOURNEY LONG!
NEED YOU TRAVEL UNDER SUCH DIFFICULTY, AURO?
AYE, THE ROBBERY OF YOUR PRINCESS VARRA MAKES IT NECESSARY! BUT THE SALESMAN...
LOOK ABOVE! THEY'VE FOUND ME! THEY'LL KILL ME! NO!
HAH! GOOD! SHE HAS THE BOX! IT'S SAFE!


HE'S SNARED IN AN ELECTRO NET! THOSE MEN ARE KIDNAPING HIM!
THE MESH STUNS HIM! HE CANNOT SPEAK!
HE'LL SPEAK FOR KARKOR THOUGH! INTERFACE NOT, STRANGERS! TELL NO ONE WHAT YOU'VE SEEN!
MASTER, SILVA! WE MUST SAVE HIM! THIS WAY!
KARKOR!
IT IS RUMORED HE IS THE THIEF OF PRINCESS VARRA'S JEWEL! THEY MAY LEAD US TO HIM! HURRY AURO!
AYE! THROUGH THAT DOOR! WE WILL TRAP THEM!
NAY! NAY! TWO MEN WITH ANOTHER CAME THROUGH HERE! DID YOU NOT SEE THEM?
YOU WISH TO SEE MY PLANTS? THEY ARE MOST UNUSUAL! MY PRETTY FLOWERS ALL OBEY ME! MAY I SHOW YOU?
'TIS BUT AN AGED GARDENER WHO COMES!
BEWARE, AURO! I SENSE DANGER HERE!
NINA! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! THIS IS SOME SORT OF GREEN HOUSE! AND LOOK!
I SAW NO ONE! BUT WATCH! BIO-SYNTHESIS WIRES RUN TO THE PLANTS FROM THIS AUDIO-SPEAKER! I CAN TALK TO MY PETS! LISTEN!
YOU CAN HEAR ME, LITTLE OCTO SHRUB! SEIZE THE CURIOUS LADY!
THE PLANT TENTACLE BENDS TOWARD SILVA. IT GRASPS HER!
WELL DONE, MY PET! LIFT HER NOW! HIGHER! HIGHER!
NO! IT CLUTCHES TIGHTER! IT WILL KILL ME!


FEAR NOT, LADY! YOU WERE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING - MY PET GIVES YOU A BETTER VIEW! MEW! MEW!
GOOD, LITTLE SHRUB! LOWER HER, NOW! LOWER!
THERE! NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED, MY FRIENDS?
AYE! COME, SILVA! WE MUST REPAIR THE SPACER FAREWELL, ANCIENT ONE!
A CURIOUS DEVICE. IT COULD CAUSE MUCH EVIL.
SWIFTLY..
THEY'RE GONE! THIS GARDENER MAKE-UP FOOLED THEM! DID YOU GET THE SALESMAN TO TALK?
NO, KARKOR! HE WON'T ADMIT HE STOLE THE BLAZE JEWEL FROM US!
HE WILL AFTER A DOSE OF THE PRESSURE BLOSSOM! COME NOW, WE KNOW YOU'RE AN AGENT OF PRINCESS VARRA'S! WHERE IS THE JEWEL?
WHERE YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT, KARKOR!
YES? HOLD HIM UNDER THE BLOSSOM, MEN!
PRESS, FLOWER! HARDER! CRUSH HIS SKULL!
OOOH! NO! I WON'T TELL! NEVER! NEVER!
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME! OOOH. THE PRESSURE'S KILLING ME! WAIT! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE BLAZE JEWEL IS! I'LL TELL YOU! IT'S. ITS..
I WONDER WHY KARKOR WANTED THAT SALESMAN WHO SOLD US THESE PARTS? HE WAS TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING WHEN THE NET STRUCK.
YOU FANCY SUCH, SILVA! BUT A FEW MORE REPAIRS AND SOON I'LL BE BOUND FOR JUPITER!

ANOTHER JET CARTRIDGE REPLACEMENT WILL DO IT. CAN YOU FIND THE TUBE BOX, SILVA?
JUST A MINUTE I HAVE IT
BUT NO! THIS BOX - WE DID NOT ORDER IT! STRANGE - COULD THE SALESMAN HAVE MADE A MISTAKE?
FIT THE T-PLUG, AURO! THAT'S IT! BUT WAIT! WHO COMES?
ZX-49
HOLA! LOOK, SILVA! KARKOA'S THUGS - SOMEONE WITH THEM!
IT MUST BE KARKOA HIMSELF! LOOK OUT! THEIR BLAST RAYS!
THE BLAZE JEWEL - GIVE IT TO ME! YOU HAVE IT, THE 'SALESMAN' GAVE IT TO YOU! SPEAK, OR I'LL BLAST YOU ALL TO DUST!
I KNOW NOT OF WHAT YOU SPEAK KARKOA! YET STAND!
YOUR BOASTS FRIGHTEN NOT THE LORD OF JUPITER!
THE FLAMES! SAVE ME, KARKOA! NO! NO!
MASTER, MAID! THE BLAZE JEWEL! THAT BOX YOU TOOK FROM THE STORE!
HOLD! HARM NOT SILVA OR YOU SHALL SUFFER THE FATE OF YOUR BROTHER!
THE BOX! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE BEEN LOOKING SO LONG! IT'S BEEN RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE!
QUICK I SAY! HAND ME THE BLAZE JEWEL OF PRINCESS VARRA! OR YOU DIE!


QUICK AURO! YOUR AMULET TO GLASSES! BEHOLD KARKOR! THE JEWEL YOU SEEK! IT'S OMO-RAYS SEAR YOUR EYES! YOU CANNOT SEE!
BUT SILVA, HOW DID YOU KNOW OF THE JEWEL ITS POWERS, WHERE?
BECAUSE, AURO, MY NAME IS NOT SILVA! I AM PRINCESS MARRA! INCOGNITO, I SEARCHED FOR THIS MAGIC GEM MYSELF! AND NOW I CAN BEHOLD THE TRAITORS WHO STOLE IT ONCE!
I DID NOT KNOW THE SALESMAN WAS A SECRET AGENT OF MINE WHO RECOVERED THE JEWEL, RECOGNIZED ME, AND TRIED TO RETURN IT!
BUT THE ONE WHO TRIED TO SLAY YOU IN THE ALLEYWAY?
ONE OF KARKOR'S MEN WHO KNEW MY FACE! BUT YOU DESTROYED HIM, AURO, BEFORE HE COULD TELL HIS MASTER! I OWE YOU MANY, MANY THANKS!
EVER WILL AURO SEE JUSTICE DONE! FAREWELL, MARRA!
MAY SHE REIGN IN PEACE! YET I MUST HASTEN TO JUPITER!
AURO! LOOK! THESE CRACKS IN THE SAND!
THEY SEEM TO FORM STEPS! ELEVEN! AS THOUGH TO SHOW ELEVEN TASKS REMAINING BEFORE YOU SEE JUPITER'S SHRINE!
THE SEERESS' PROPHECY! I WONDER IF IT REALLY TRUE?
THE END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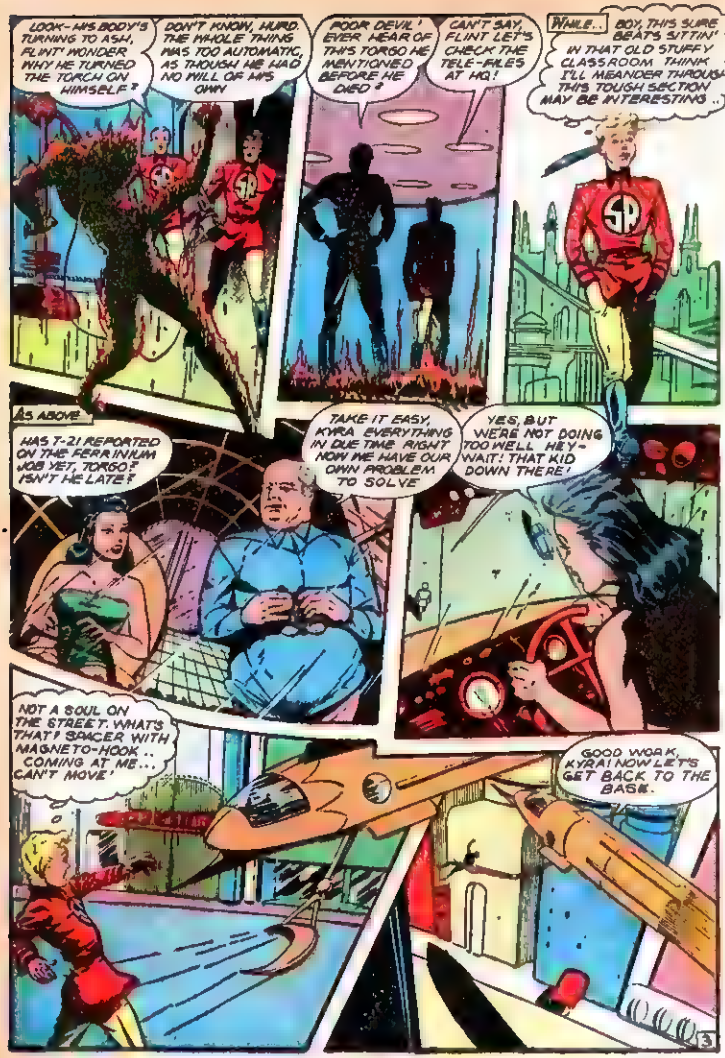
# SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH

TOLOPHON MYSTERY PLANET IN THE OUTER FRINGE OF SPACE. JOINED BY MAN AND ALL REFUGEE IN A MAD RACE FOR PREPARE FOR ALL-OUT INTERPLANETARY WAR. WELL, BE THAT AS IT MAY, TOMORROW IS AND HERE'S HERO'S FIFTH ASSIGNED AS THE MALLEN IN HEAD SCHOOL SUDDENLY CAME INTO FOCUS AND THE TEACHER'S VOICE DROWNED
IT IS DOUBTFUL STUDENTS, THAT ANY EXPLORERS COULD PASS THROUGH THIS STAR CLUSTER TO REACH TOLOPHON
IN WHICH CASE KEEP IT IN MIND ON YOUR NEXT TRIP. KNOWLEDGE WILL NEVER BE USELESS
WHAT'S THAT, SIR? AND I COULD DO IT DOWN THERE? A REAL TRIP, SIR? TOMORROW? AND TOLOPHON? I'M OUT! I'LL BE WAITING RIGHT HERE
AW, GEE, IT'S NO FUN TODAY. THINK I'LL JUST TAKE OFF. MAYBE SOME OF THE GANG'S AROUND

MEANWHILE..
THE VICEROY IS REALLY UPSET OVER THIS PRESENT CRIME WAVE ON TERRA, HURD!
THAT EXPLAINS THIS EXTRA PATROL DETAIL! DO YOU JUST WANT TO CRUISE AROUND AWHILE, FLINT?
RIGHT, HURD! WE MAY PICK UP SOME LEAD ON THESE BIRDS. HEY -- LOOK THE AUTO-DIRECTOGRAPH! IT'S MOVING! HEAD FOR COORDINATE X-12, AZIMUTH 165°!
GOT IT! NOW TO CONTACT TORGO'S SPACER TO PICK ME UP. WHAT THE... FOOTSTEPS GETTING CLOSER!
WHAT A CINCH! THIS THERMA-TORCH CAN CUT THROUGH ANYTHING. NOW IF TORGO IS RIGHT, THE FERRINIUM SHOULD BE IN HERE
SOMEONE AT THE FERRINIUM VAULT? HEY -- IT'S ONLY A KID, FLINT!
BUT HE CERTAINLY DID A MAN-SIZED JOB. USE YOUR PARA-RAY, HURD! WE'LL NEED HIM FOR QUESTIONING
SPACE RANGERS! EXIT BLOCKED -- ONLY ONE OUT!
HOLD IT, JUNIOR! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE. TO CRAWL OUT OF THIS!
YOU'RE WRONG, RANGER! TORGO -- YOUR LOYAL SUBJECT HAS NOT BETRAYED YOU! OOH!


LOOK- HIS BODY'S TURNING TO ASH, FLINT! WONDER WHY HE TURNED THE TORCH ON HIMSELF?
DON'T KNOW, HURD. THE WHOLE THING WAS TOO AUTOMATIC, AS THOUGH HE HAD NO WILL OF HIS OWN
POOR DEVIL! EVER HEAR OF THIS TORSO HE MENTIONED BEFORE HE DIED?
CAN'T SAY, FLINT LET'S CHECK THE TELE-FILES AT HQ!
WHILE..
BOY, THIS SURE BEATS SITTIN' IN THAT OLD STUFFY CLASSROOM THINK I'LL MEANDER THROUGH THIS TOUGH SECTION MAY BE INTERESTING..
AS ABOVE
HAS T-21 REPORTED ON THE FERRINIUM JOB YET, TORGO? ISN'T HE LATE?
TAKE IT EASY, KYRA EVERYTHING IN DUE TIME RIGHT NOW WE HAVE OUR OWN PROBLEM TO SOLVE
YES, BUT WE'RE NOT DOING TOO WELL HEY- WAIT! THAT KID DOWN THERE!
NOT A SOUL ON THE STREET. WHAT'S THAT? SPACER WITH MAGNETO-HOOK... COMING AT ME... CAN'T MOVE!
GOOD WORK, KYRA! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE BASE.
3

WHILE
NOT MUCH ON TORGO IN THE FILES, FLINT - USUAL PETTY CRIMES. DO YOU THINK HE HAS SOMETHING BIG ON THE FIRE?
JUST A HUNCH, MURD. LET'S TAKE AN ASTRAL CRUISER AND SCOUT GAMMA GALAXY, NEAR TOLOPHON.
BUT FLINT! IT'S PRETTY DANGEROUS IN THOSE UNCHARTED STAR GROUPS!
I KNOW IT, MURD, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO CHANCE IT. SWITCH TO LEITA BEAM ON THE V-II, WE MAY PICK UP SOME SIGNAL.
AS ON TOLOPHON
THIS IS HOME, BOY! AFTER A FEW WEEKS HERE, I'M SURE YOU'LL GROW TO LOVE IT, EH, TORGO?
NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, KYRA. A QUICK TOUR OF OUR SCHOOL SHOULD CONVINCE HIM. FOLLOW ME!
AND HERE IS THE TRAINING ARENA WHERE TORGO'S PUPILS LEARN THE FINE ARTS OF ROBBERY, ARSON, SPACE PIRACY, THE WORKS. YOU'LL BE DOWN THERE SOON!
NO-NO, I WON'T DO IT! YOU CAN'T FORCE ME!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THIS ONE HAD THE SAME LOOK - BEFORE OUR CEREBRAL RAY CHANGED HER MIND!
I THINK SHE'S HAD PLENTY BETTER RELEASE HER CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE HER DIE
GOT TO DO SOMETHING QUICK! WHILE HE'S BUSY, I'LL HOP BACK TOWARD THOSE CHEMICALS.
SHE'S ALL RIGHT, KYRA. GET OUR HEAT SCRAPER OVER HERE!
NOT SO FAST, TORGO. ONE MORE STEP AND YOU'LL WEAR THIS JAR FOR A HAT!
THAT'S ACID! QUICK, KYRA, SEIZE HIM!

SUDDENLY...
OOH-MY FACE! ACID BURNING MY FACE! BLAST HIM, KYRA BLAST HIM!
A PLEASURE, TORGO! I'LL SWITCH TO FULL DISINTEGRATING!
NO, WAIT! THAT'S TOO EASY TOO SWIFT A DEATH. I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! HE'LL SUFFER A THOUSAND DEATHS FOR THIS! TAKE HIM OUT TO THE SAUCER STRIP!
I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT, TORGO. WHY PUT HIM IN THAT OLD, ONE-SEATER JOB?
SIMPLE, MY DEAR. WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A LITTLE GAME CALLED THE FOX AND THE HOUNDS...
ONLY WE'LL BE THE HOUNDS! WE'LL FOLLOW HIM IN OUR FASTER CRAFT, TOY WITH HIM AS THE CAT WITH THE MOUSE - AND THEN - THE KILL!
GOT TO OUTSMART HIM. HEAD THIS CRATE FOR TERRA!
BUT
HE DIDN'T OVERLOOK A TRICK EVERY INSTRUMENT SMASHED AND NOW HE'S WARMING UP HIS GUNS! HEY - WHAT'S THAT?
THAT STAR PATTERN'S FAMILIAR! YEAH, WE STUDIED IT IN SCHOOL. BUT I'M NOT SURE OF TERRA'S DIRECTION. HAVE TO RISK IT!
TORGO, LOOK! DON'T KNOW HOW HE GUESSED IT BUT HE'S HEADING FOR TERRA!
IF HE GETS BACK THERE, TOLOPHON WILL BE KNEE DEEP IN SPACE RANGERS. WHAT THEN?
HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE. LOOK. THE LITTLE FOOL'S HEADED FOR A CLOUD BANK! DIVE, KYRA. WE'LL FINISH HIM OFF!
5

PICKED AN INAGE UP ON THE DETECTO GRAPH, FLINT! THAT SPACE-DIVING WHY, IT'S TORGO'S!

WHAT? HANG ON, HURD, I'M GOING TO KICK 'ER AROUND! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

IN THE BAG, FLINT! STABILIZE FLIGHT! I'VE GOT BOTH TORPEX TUBES TRAINED ON HIM!

OH, OH, THAT'S FLINT'S SHIP! IT'S TO TERRA FOR HELP!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE, FLINT! THAT DIS-RAY JUST MISSED US!

BUT WE DIDN'T! LOOK—WE'VE SMASHED THEIR JET TANKS!

WE'RE NOT STARTING TO BLAZE—CAN'T CONTROL THE SHIP! OOH!

LATER

FULL CREDIT GOES TO FLINT BAKER FOR BREAKING UP THIS CRIME SCHEME, AND SENDING TORGO TO HIS...

ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T SEE A SMALL SPACE-R, FLINT?

POSITIVE, HERC. THERE WASN'T ANOTHER SHIP IN SIGHT! WELL, IT'S BEEN A TOUGH DAY—THINK I'LL TURN IN G'NIGHT, HERC!

THAT BURNS ME UP! FLINT'S GETTING ALL THAT CREDIT AND IF I OPENED MY MOUTH I'D CERTAINLY PUT MY FOOT IN IT! OH WELL, I SUPPOSE MY TEACHER WOULD TELL ME IN THIS CASE, SILENCE IS GOLDEN!

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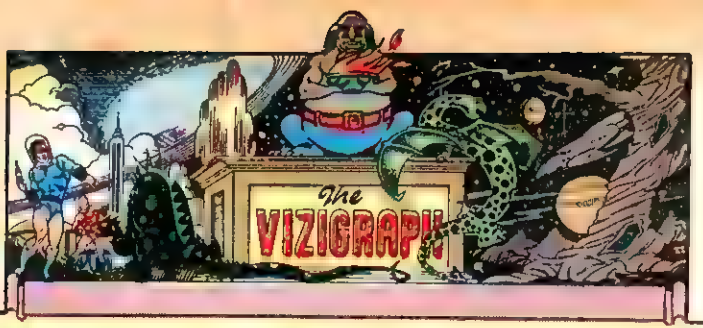



Dear Editor:

Of all your characters in your book, Future is the best, hubba-hubba! Hunt Bowman gets boring, and I think it would be nice to start something new in this story. Mysto is still worth my money, and I think that Star Pirate has improved slightly.

I have just finished reading your latest issue. On the whole, it was good. If you keep it up to your present standard, everyone should be satisfied.

Geoffrey Williams
Germiston, Transvaal
S. Africa

Dear Editor:

I have made up my mind to become an artist. The credit goes to your magazine because I hope to become as good as your artists.

If it hadn't been that I was just reading your latest issue I would probably still be undecided. Your VIZI page gave me the idea of writing and letting you know what I think.

I firmly believe in your comic, and wish more like it were published. Some of your stories could be improved, though. Aura, Lord of Jupiter, has the best material in the book.

Right now I am waiting for the next issue of your comics to appear on my newsstand.

Yours for a bigger and better book,
Edward Lane
Harrington, Del.

Dear Sirs:

I am a new fan of your magazine, and believe me I'm very happy that I discovered it. It has given me many hours of pleasure. Your VIZI page is my delight.

I can't find any complaint to make about your book, only that I wish it were longer. The stories, the art work, and the book in general, are fine.

This is my first fan letter to a comic magazine and I'm glad it's to a publication as swell as yours. Keep up the good work.

Ira Bergman
New York City

Dear Editor

I agree with Buddie Arkell. He was absolutely right in saying that your magazine is getting too mushy.

All the kids I know don't want your book to turn into a "Love Me Dearly!"

Spacefully yours,
Norma Jean Casey
Amerillo, Texas

Dear Sir:

I haven't been reading your book for too long a time, but I have been reading it long enough to say that it's a swell book.

The VIZIGRAPH is my favorite, and I always read it first. The comment that burns me most is these wise guys who write and say the book is rotten. I'd like to see them turn out such a swell book. It's tops for my money!

No matter what happens, here's one fan you can count on.

Sincerely,
Eunice Henry
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Eunice:

Thanks for these kind words. I hope the book will continue to be your favorite.

The Editor

Dear Mr. Herrick:

I have been reading Lost World since it began. Isn't it about time that Hunt Bowman stopped wearing a skirt?

The story is good and I like it, but that backward Volta talk gets me down. How about a nice horrible monster that speaks normally?

Being a Lysse and Hunt Bowman fan from way back, I think it's only fair to warn you, Mr. Herrick, that Future is a swell feature—and a rival to watch.

Yours truly,
Barbara Faith Kahn
New York City

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading your magazine. It belongs in the junk pile—it really smells.

Lost World WAS okay, now it's rotten. Words can't describe Star Pirate, and he used to be my favorite! Mysto was still all right. (THANK HEAVENS)

Your cover was fine, but then it always is. I'm pretty surprised that you turned out such a crummy issue. My opinion of your book has always been high.

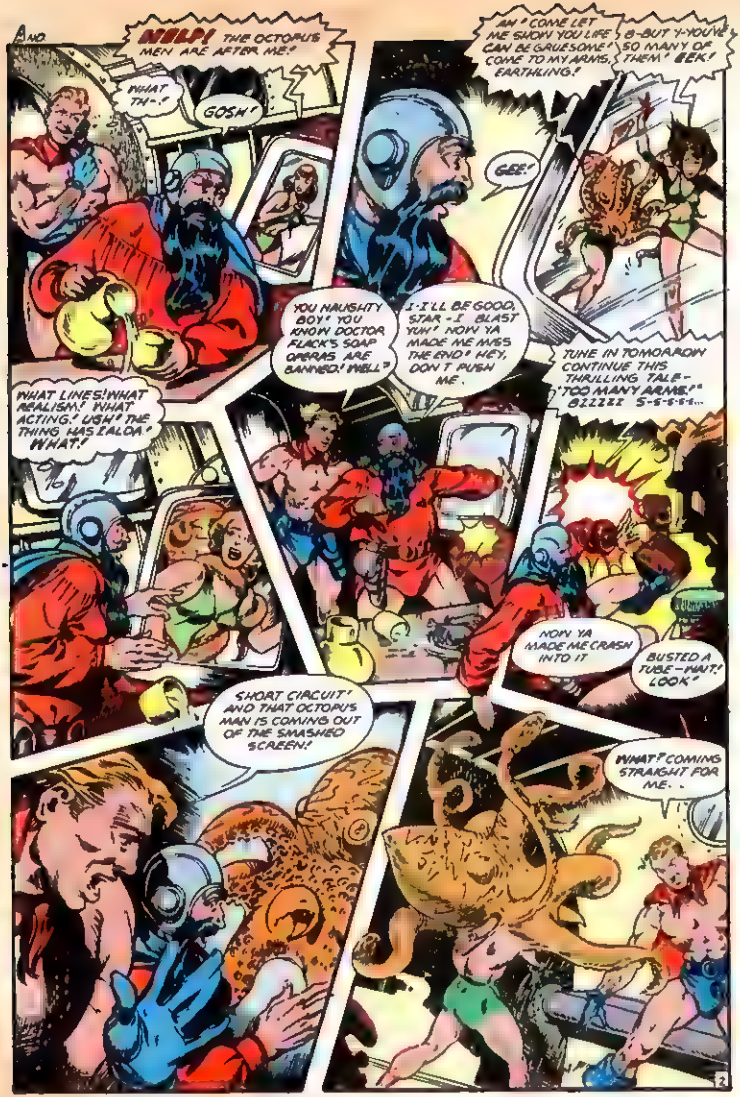
A very unhappy reader,
Robert Gehring
Chicago, Ill.

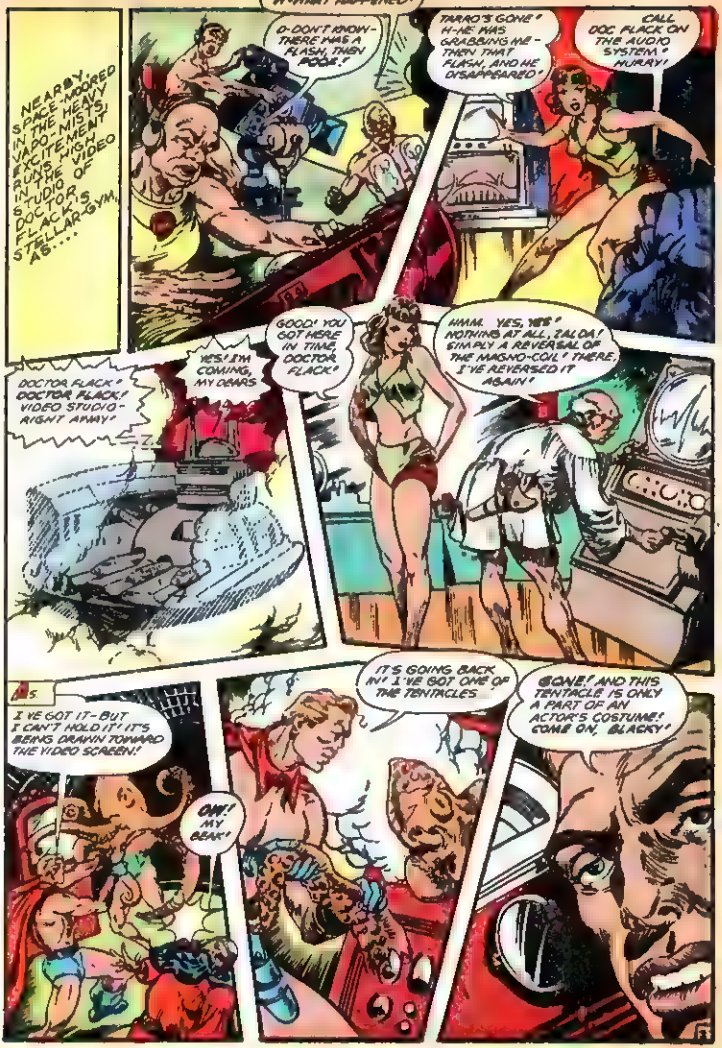
Dear Robert:

I think our latest issue should put the smile back on your face.

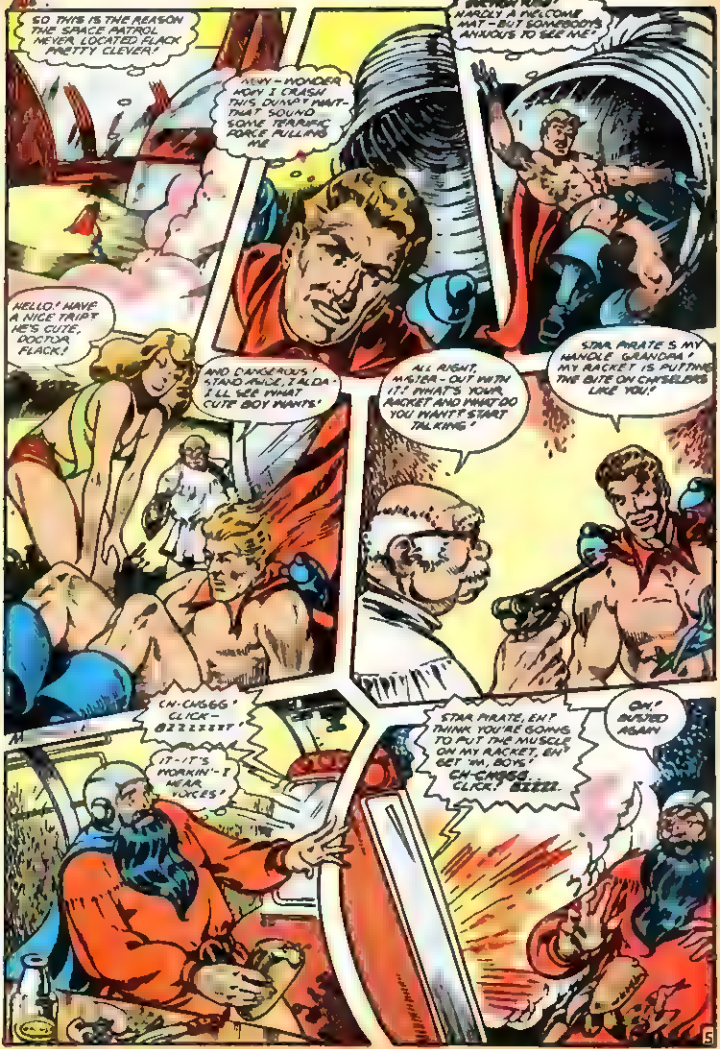
Sincerely,
The Editor

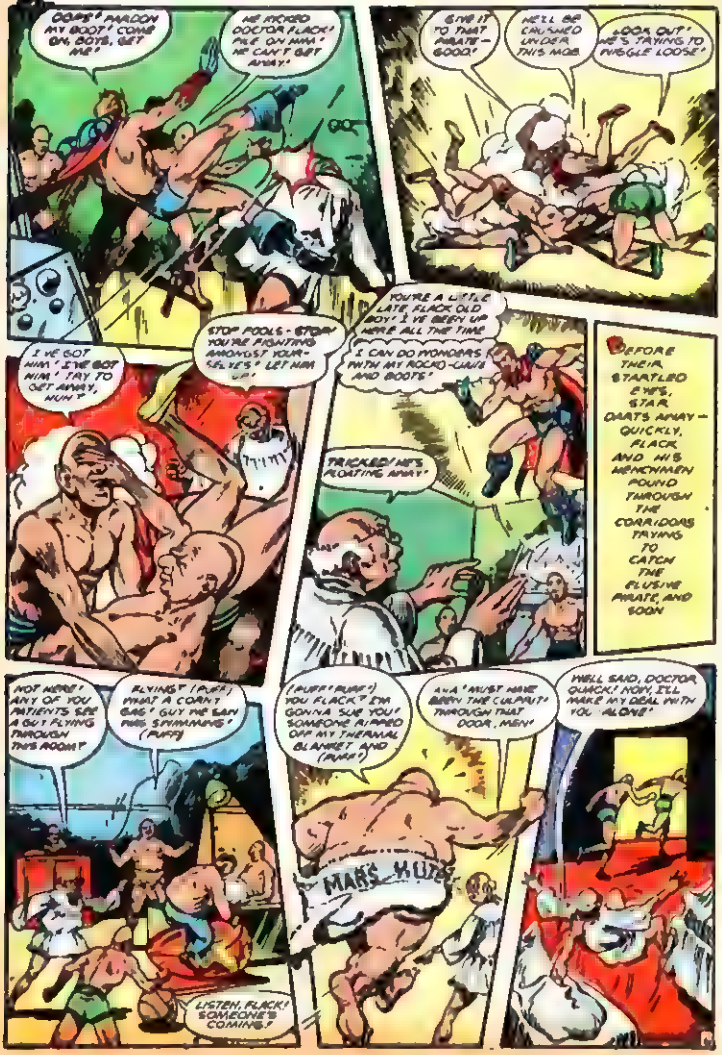
STAR PIRATE
by JIM BOSKEN
AHAH! NOW, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!
RACKET AND, AS THE CORSAIR SPACER ARROWED SMOOTHLY THROUGH THE GAMBLING
NO ANSWER? I WONDER WHERE HE IS? WELL, IF THAT WON'T WAKE HIM I'LL SET THE SHIP ON ROBOT CONTROL AND GO LOOK
HEY, SLACKY!
COOK GALLERY

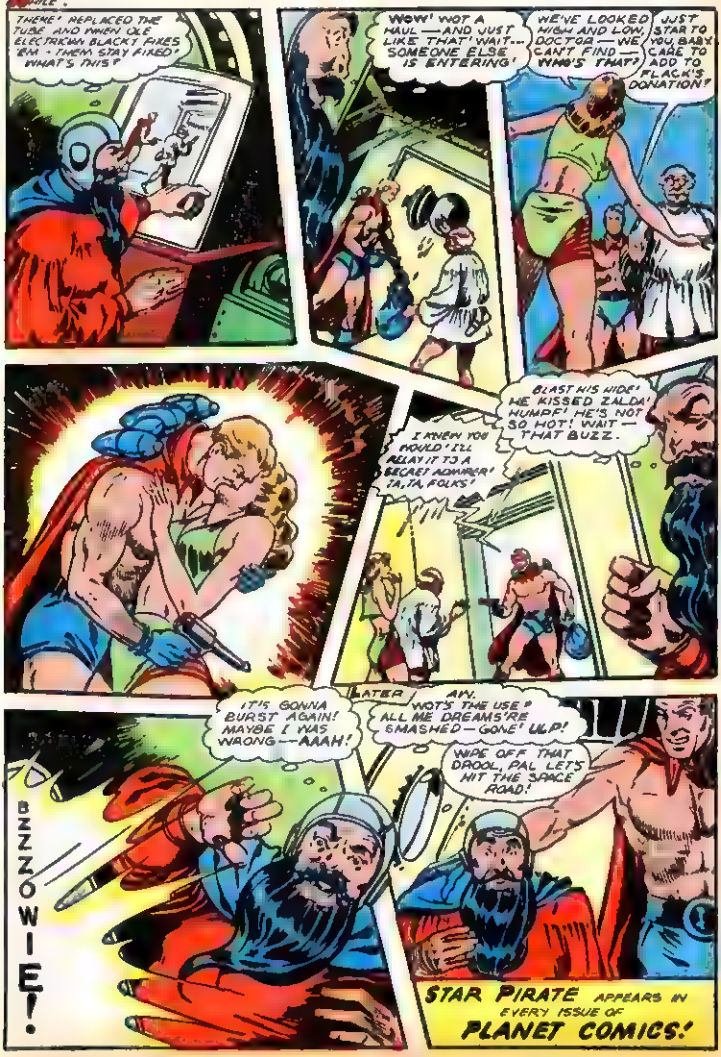

AND
HELP! THE OCTOPUS MEN ARE AFTER ME!
WHAT TH-
GOSH!
AH! COME LET ME SHOW YOU LIFE CAN BE GRUESOME! COME TO MY ARMS, EARTHLING!
B-BUT Y-YOU'VE SO MANY OF THEM! EEK!
GEE!
YOU NAUGHTY BOY! YOU KNOW DOCTOR FLACK'S SOAP OPERAS ARE BANNED! WELL?
I-I'LL BE GOOD, STAR-I BLAST YUH! NOW YA MADE ME MISS THE END! HEY, DON'T PUSH ME.
TUNE IN TOMORROW CONTINUE THIS THRILLING TALE- "TOO MANY ARMS!" BZZZZZ S-S-S-S-S...
WHAT LINES! WHAT REALISM! WHAT ACTING! UGH! THE THING HAS ZALDA WHAT!
NOW YA MADE ME CRASH INTO IT
BUSTED A TUBE-WAIT! LOOK!
SHORT CIRCUIT! AND THAT OCTOPUS MAN IS COMING OUT OF THE SMASHED SCREEN!
WHAT! COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME..
2


NEARBY, SPACE-MOORED HEAVY IN THE MISTS, VAPOR-MISTS, EXCITEMENT RUNS HIGH IN DOCTOR FLACK'S STUDIO OF STELLAR-GYM, AS DOCTOR FLACK IS ABOUT TO USE THE VIDEO...
W-WHAT HAPPENED?
D-DON'T KNOW- THERE WAS A FLASH, THEN POOF!
TARRO'S GONE! H-HE WAS GRABBING ME - THEN THAT FLASH, AND HE DISAPPEARED!
CALL DOC FLACK ON THE AUDIO SYSTEM! HURRY!
DOCTOR FLACK! DOCTOR FLACK! VIDEO STUDIO - RIGHT AWAY!
YES, I'M COMING, MY DEARS
GOOD! YOU GOT HERE IN TIME, DOCTOR FLACK!
HMM. YES, YES! NOTHING AT ALL, ZALDA! SIMPLY A REVERSAL OF THE MAGNO-COIL! THERE, I'VE REVERSED IT AGAIN!
I'VE GOT IT - BUT I CAN'T HOLD IT! IT'S BEING DRAWN TOWARD THE VIDEO SCREEN!
OW! MY BEAK!
IT'S GOING BACK IN! I'VE GOT ONE OF THE TENTACLES
GONE! AND THIS TENTACLE IS ONLY A PART OF AN ACTOR'S COSTUME! COME ON, BLACKY!

THIS ASTRO-LOCATOR INDICATES THAT QUARKS NEARBY. SET THE SHIP ON INVISIBLE.
OKAY BUT I DON'T GET IT. YOU SICK?
NOT EXACTLY BUT SOMEBODY'S GOING TO BE — IF HE DOESN'T COME ACROSS!
TA TA! I'LL BE WATCHING ON THE VIDEO!
AH WHAT HAVE WE HERE? WHY THAT'S IT! HIDING IN THOSE VAPO-MISTS!
WHILE
GREAT PLANETS! WHAT HAPPENED, FLACK? I LANDED IN SOMEBODY'S SPACE SHIP AND
STOW IT MY LITTLE SPACE BIRD. QUICK, ZALDA THE OR-TECTO-SCOPES CLICKING!
WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED! SOMEONE'S APPROACHING
OUT OF THE WAY—LET ME SEE!
SWITCH ON THAT OUTSIDE SUCTO-TUBE, MY UGLY CHILD — AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
SURE ENOUGH! HE'S LANDING ON OUR RAMP. THINK IT'S THE SPACE POLICE, FLACK!
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! MURGO!
YES RIGHT AWAY, DOC!


SO THIS IS THE REASON THE SPACE PATROL NEVER LOCATED FLACK PRETTY CLEVER!
WOW - WONDER HOW I CRASH THIS, DUMMY MINT- THAT SOUND SOME TRAPEZE FORCE PULLING ME
SUCTION RAY! HARDLY A WELCOME MAT - BUT SOMEBODY'S ANXIOUS TO SEE ME!
HELLO! HAVE A NICE TRIP! HE'S CUTE, DOCTOR FLACK!
AND DANGEROUS! STAND ASIDE, ZALDA - I'LL SEE WHAT CUTE BOY WANTS!
ALL RIGHT, MISTER - OUT WITH IT! WHAT'S YOUR RACKET AND WHAT DO YOU WANT? START TALKING!
STAR PIRATE'S MY HANDLE GRANDPA! MY RACKET IS PUTTING THE BITE ON CHISELERS LIKE YOU!
CH-CH666! CLICK - BZZZZZZZ!
IT - IT'S WORKIN'! I HEAR VOICES!
STAR PIRATE, EH? THINK YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THE MUSCLE ON MY RACKET, EH? GET 'IM, BOYS! CH-CH666. CLICK! BZZZZ.
OH, BUSTED AGAIN
5


OOPS! PARDON MY BOOT! COME ON, BOYS, GET HIM!
HE PICKED DOCTOR FLACK! PILE ON HIM! HE CAN'T GET AWAY!
GIVE IT TO THAT PIRATE — GOOD!
HE'LL BE CAUGHT IN LOTS OF THIS MORE
LOOK OUT! HE'S TRYING TO WIGGLE LOOSE!
STOP FOOLS - STOP! YOU'RE FIGHTING AMONGST YOURSELVES! LET HIM GO!
I'VE GOT HIM! I'VE GOT HIM! I TRY TO GET AWAY, HUH?
YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE, FLACK OLD BOY! I'VE BEEN UP HERE ALL THE TIME
I CAN DO WONDERS WITH MY ROCKO-JAWS AND BOOTS!
TRICKED! HE'S ROAMING AWAY!
BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES, STAR DARTS AWAY — QUICKLY, FLACK AND HIS HENCHMEN POUND THROUGH THE CORRIDORS TRYING TO CATCH THE ELUSIVE PIRATE, AND SOON
NOT HERE! ANY OF YOU PATIENTS SEE A GUY FLYING THROUGH THIS ROOM?
FLYING? (PUFF) WHAT A CORNY GAG! GUY HE CAN FLY, SHYMMINS! (PUFF)
(PUFF PUFF) YOU FLACK? I'M GONNA SUE YOU! SOMEONE RIPPED OFF MY THERMAL BLANKET AND (PUFF)
AHA! I MUST HAVE BURN THE CULPRIT THROUGH THAT DOOR, MEN!
WELL SAID, DOCTOR QUACK! NOW, I'LL MAKE MY DEAL WITH YOU ALONE!
MARS MUTE
LISTEN, FLACK! SOMEONE'S COMING!

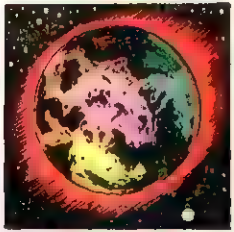

WHILE.
THERE! REPLACED THE TUBE AND WHEN OLE ELECTRIKUN BLACKY FIRES 'EM - THEM STAY FIRED! WHAT'S THIS?
WOW! WOT A HAUL — AND JUST LIKE THAT! WAIT— SOMEONE ELSE IS ENTERING!
WE'VE LOOKED HIGH AND LOW, DOCTOR — WE CAN'T FIND WHO'S THAT?
JUST START TO YOU, BABY CARE TO ADD TO FLACK'S DONATION!
BLAST HIS WIDE! HE KISSED ZALDA! HUMPF! HE'S NOT SO HOT! WAIT — THAT BUZZ.
I KNEW YOU WOULD! I'LL RELAY IT TO A REGAL AUDIENCE! TA,TA, FOLKS!
LATER
AW, WOT'S THE USE? ALL ME DREAMS'RE SMASHED — GONE! ULP!
IT'S GONNA BURST AGAIN! MAYBE I WAS WRONG — AAAH!
WIPE OFF THAT DROOL, PAL! LET'S HIT THE SPACE ROAD!
BZZZOWIE!
STAR PIRATE APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

# LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS

## NEPTUNE

MURPHY ANDERSON

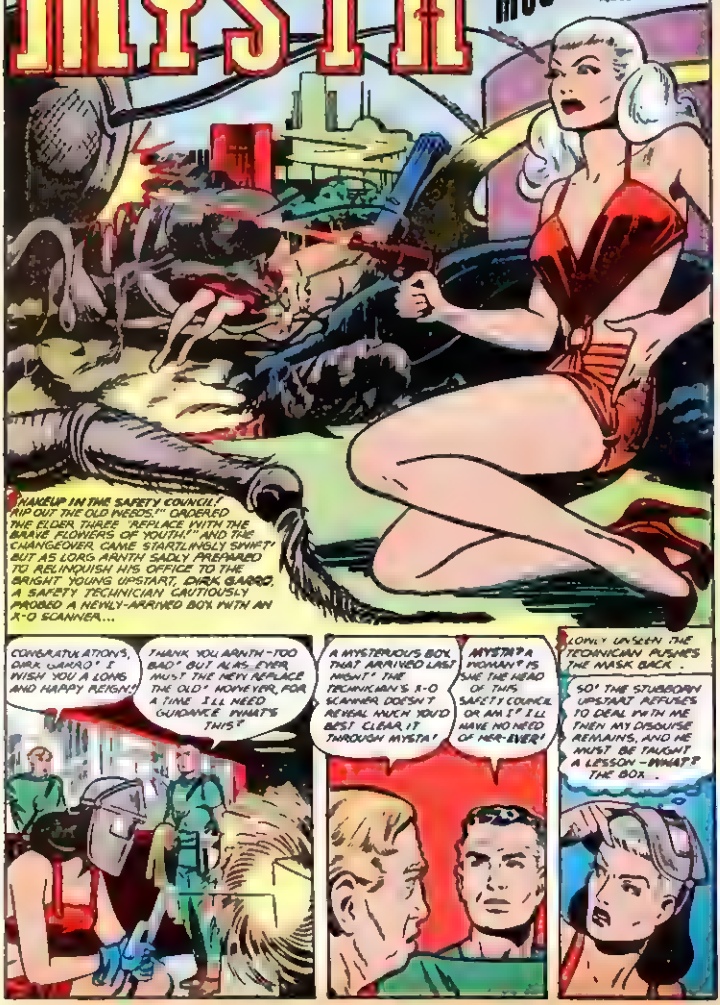
**NEPTUNE**, ANOTHER OF THE MYSTERY PLANETS. ITS DISCOVERY STARTLED THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD BECAUSE IT OCCUPIES A POSITION FURTHERMOST FROM THE SUN, AND TRAVELS IN AN ORBIT WHOSE CIRCUMFERENCE IS NEARLY SEVENTEEN BILLION MILES! THE THIRD LARGEST PLANET, 33,000 MILES IN DIAMETER, NEPTUNE IS ALWAYS SHROUDED IN DENSE VEILS OF HEAVY ATMOSPHERE, WHICH PREVIOUSLY HAD MADE IT IMPREGNABLE TO EARTH'S FAR-REACHING TELESCOPES. WHAT LIFE, IF ANY, DWELLS THERE?



WILL THE GIANT, 200 INCH TELESCOPE OF MT. PALOMAR SOLVE THIS RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE?

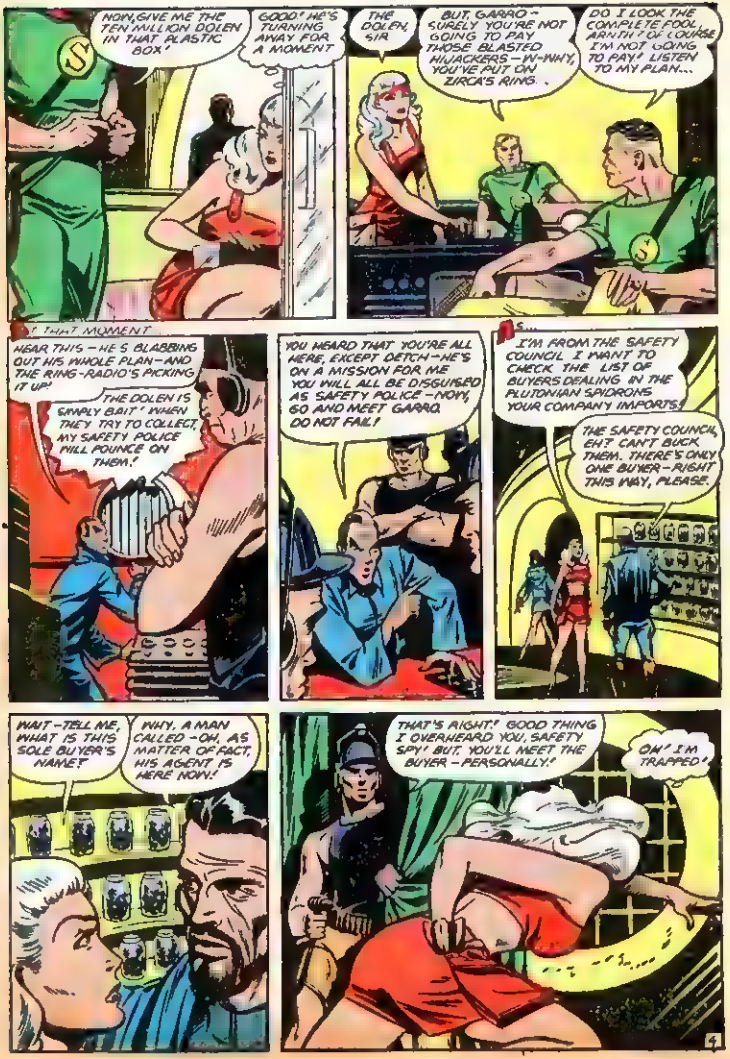
# MYSTA of the moon

by ROSS GALLUN

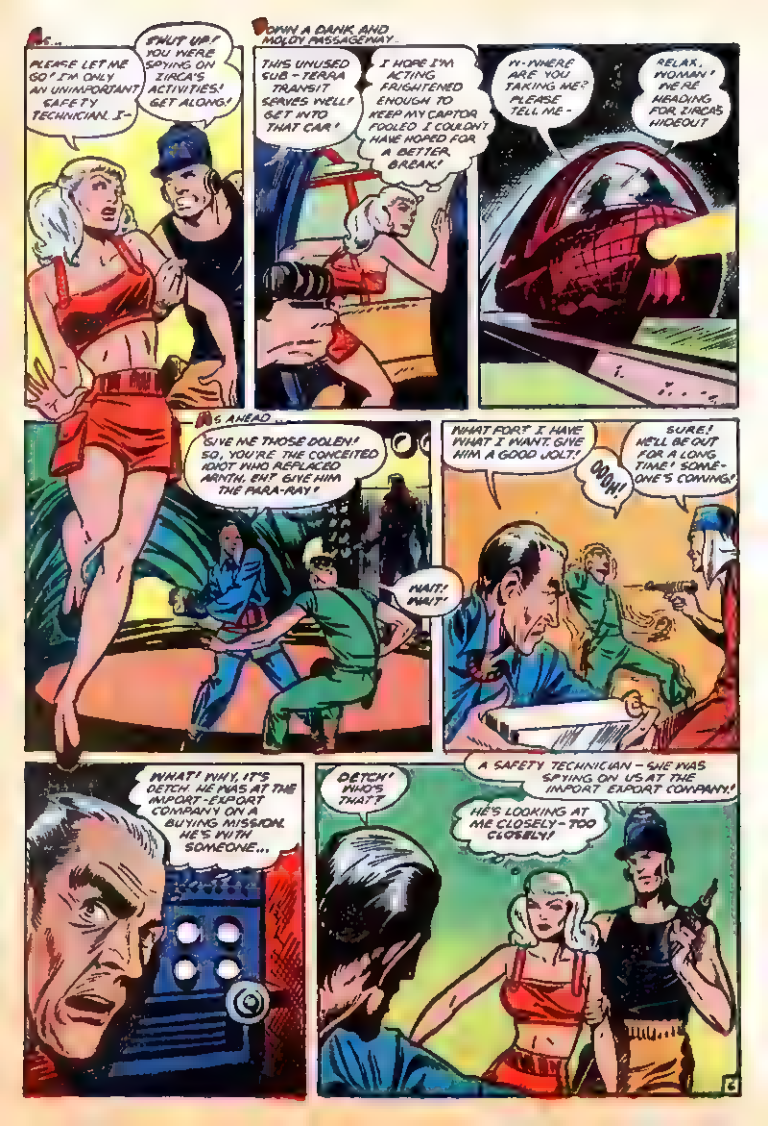

SHAKEUP IN THE SAFETY COUNCIL! RIP OUT THE OLD WEEDS!" ORDERED THE ELDER THREE. "REPLACE WITH THE BRAVE FLOWERS OF YOUTH!" AND THE CHANGEOVER CAME STARTLINGLY SWIFT! BUT AS LORD ARNTH SADLY PREPARED TO RELINQUISH HIS OFFICE TO THE BRIGHT YOUNG UPSTART, DARK GARRO, A SAFETY TECHNICIAN CAUTIOUSLY PROBED A NEWLY-ARRIVED BOX WITH AN X-O SCANNER...
CONGRATULATIONS, DARK GARRO! I WISH YOU A LONG AND HAPPY REIGN!
THANK YOU, ARNTH - TOO BAD, BUT ALAS, EVEN MUST. THE NEW REPLACE THE OLD. HOWEVER, FOR A TIME I'LL NEED GUIDANCE. WHAT'S THIS?
A MYSTERIOUS BOX THAT ARRIVED LAST NIGHT! THE TECHNICIAN'S X-O SCANNER DOESN'T REVEAL MUCH. YOU'D BEST CLEAR IT THROUGH MYSTA!
MYSTA? A WOMAN? IS SHE THE HEAD OF THIS SAFETY COUNCIL OR AM I? I'LL HAVE NO NEED OF HER - EVER!
LONELY UNSEEN, THE TECHNICIAN PUSHES THE MASK BACK.
SO! THE STUBBORN UPSTART REFUSES TO DEAL WITH ME. THEN MY DISGUISE REMAINS, AND HE MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON - WHAT? THE BOX...

GREAT SATURN! LOOK - SOMETHING BREAKING THE LID! I TOLD YOU TO CLEAR IT WITH MYSTA!
BLAST YOUR PRECIOUS MYSTA, ARNTH! I'LL HANDLE THIS!
SUDDENLY OOZING OUT OF THE HALF-MOLTEN LID, A METAL FIGURE RISES - LURCHES UNSTEADILY...
AND ALMOST HUMAN-LIKE, DARNTH'S DIRK GARRO...
(CLICK), THIS FINGER BAND - TAKE IT FOR IDENTIFICATION - IN THE EVENTS TO FOLLOW, DIRK GARRO - (CLICK!)
OF ALL THE CRAZY... WHAT DO YOU WANT?
(CLICK!) A GIFT OF CONGRATULATION FROM AN ADMIRER - JAN ZIRCA! (CLICK!)
WHO'S HE? AND WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INSECT?
THERE! I'VE TUNED THE TELEWAVE LENGTH TO THE PICK-UP TUBE IN THE ROBOT! ARE YOU GETTING IT, ZIRCA?
YES - YES! COMING IN NOW! AH, THE CONCEITED FOOL IS TAKING THE INSECT!
GOOD! THE ROBOT'S SWITCHED ON THE AUTOMATIC EXPANDO-RAY THE BUG IS GETTING LARGER! LISTEN TO THEM SCREAM!
THE THING IS BLOATING BEYOND ALL PROPORTION! RUN - RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
A POISON PLUTONIAN CHLORON ONLY THE INTERPLANETARY IMPORT-EXPORT COMPANY HANDLES THOSE!
2

GREAT ZEUS! BEFORE OUR EYES IT'S GROWN TO A MONSTER! GET BACK, I'M GOING TO BLAST THIS HIDEOUS THING TO COSMIC DUST!
THERE, YOU DEVIL-FIEND! - A FEW VOLTS OF THIS ATO-RAY AND - WHAT? NO EFFECT - IT'S GRABBING ME! STOP IT, STOP IT!
(CLICK!) THIS TERROR SHALL INVADE YOUR STREETS, YOUR CITY — THE WHOLE UNIVERSE... UNLESS YOU HEED THE TERMS OF ZIRCA! (CLICK!)
IN THE NAME OF MERCY — DESTROY THIS THING! I-I'LL LISTEN TO THE TERMS! I'LL LISTEN, I TELL YOU..
WHAT? THE ROBOT IS DESTROYING THE MONSTER!
(CLICK!) DEPOSIT TEN MILLION DOLEN WITH ZIRCA'S AGENTS ON THE AVENUE OF THE UNIVERSE IN ONE SIXTY-MIN UNIT (CLICK!)
(CLICK!) YOU WILL MEET THE TERMS? (CLICK!)
YES! NOW GO BACK TO YOUR MASTER. HELLO! SAFETY POLICE! PUT A TAIL ON THIS ROBOT THAT'S LEAVING. NOW! HURRY!
BUT, EVEN AS THE SAFETY DIRECTOR BARKS HIS URGENT ORDERS INTO THE INTER-COM..
BY THE RINGS OF SATURN! IT'S MELTING ITSELF! WHAT NEXT?
STEADY, ARNTH, LET THIS UPSTART HAVE HIS WAY
I'M NOT SURE YOUR POSING AS A TECHNICIAN IS SO GOOD, MYSTA! LISTEN TO HIM BELLOW NOW. GARRO, WILL YOU CONTACT MYSTA?
MYSTA - MYSTA - MYSTA! IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY, ARNTH? BLAST HER, I SAY! TECHNICIAN, OPEN THE SAFE!
3


NOW, GIVE ME THE TEN MILLION DOLEN IN THAT PLASTIC BOX!
GOOD! HE'S TURNING AWAY FOR A MOMENT.
THE DOLEN, SIR.
BUT, GARRO — SURELY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PAY THOSE BLASTED HIJACKERS — W-WHY, YOU'VE PUT ON ZIRCA'S RINGS.
DO I LOOK THE COMPLETE FOOL ARNTH? OF COURSE I'M NOT GOING TO PAY! LISTEN TO MY PLAN...
AT THAT MOMENT...
HEAR THIS — HE'S BLABBING OUT HIS WHOLE PLAN — AND THE RING-RADIO'S PICKING IT UP!
THE DOLEN IS SIMPLY BAIT! WHEN THEY TRY TO COLLECT, MY SAFETY POLICE WILL POUNCE ON THEM!
YOU HEARD THAT. YOU'RE ALL HERE, EXCEPT DETCH — HE'S ON A MISSION FOR ME. YOU WILL ALL BE DISGUISED AS SAFETY POLICE — NOW, GO AND MEET GARRO. DO NOT FAIL!
I'M FROM THE SAFETY COUNCIL. I WANT TO CHECK THE LIST OF BUYERS DEALING IN THE PLUTONIAN SPIDRONS YOUR COMPANY IMPORTS!
THE SAFETY COUNCIL, EH? CAN'T BUCK THEM. THERE'S ONLY ONE BUYER — RIGHT THIS WAY, PLEASE.
WAIT — TELL ME, WHAT IS THIS SOLE BUYER'S NAME?
WHY, A MAN CALLED — OH, AS MATTER OF FACT, HIS AGENT IS HERE NOW!
THAT'S RIGHT! GOOD THING I OVERHEARD YOU, SAFETY SPY! BUT, YOU'LL MEET THE BUYER — PERSONALLY!
OH! I'M TRAPPED!
4

WHILE
HMM-THE AVENUE OF THE UNIVERSE AND EXCEPT FOR THOSE HUDDLE ON THE SIDEWALK TRANSIT THEIR'S NO LINE IN SIGHT
SO THEY'RE NOT FALLING FOR THE BAIT! MY PLAN HAS WHAT'S THAT PUZZLING SOUND
GREAT ZEUS! THE WHOLE SIDEWALK'S ERUPTING! EARLA'S DEVIL FRIENDS! SAFETY POLICE, YOUR DIS GUYS! QUICKLY!
WE LIKE YOU CRAZY MONSTERS! WHAT? OUR RAYS USELESS! FLEE EVERYONE FLEE!
HELP ME! IT'S CRUSHING ME - I'M DYING! OOOH!
WE MUST ESCAPE! THIS WAY, DIRECTOR GARRO THIS WAY!
HALT! RIGHT INTO MY TRAP, FOOL!
WHAT? AN AGENT OF EARLA'S - DRESSED AS A SAFETY POLICEMAN!
15


PLEASE LET ME GO! I'M ONLY AN UNIMPORTANT SAFETY TECHNICIAN. I—
SHUT UP! YOU WERE SPYING ON ZIRCA'S ACTIVITIES! GET ALONG!
DOWN A BANK AND HOLDY PASSAGEWAY...
THIS UNUSED SUB-TERRA TRANSIT SERVES WELL! GET INTO THAT CAR!
I HOPE I'M ACTING FRIGHTENED ENOUGH TO KEEP MY CAPTOR FOOLED! I COULDN'T HAVE HOPED FOR A BETTER BREAK!
W-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? PLEASE TELL ME—
RELAX, WOMAN! WE'RE HEADING FOR ZIRCA'S HIDEOUT!
AS AHEAD...
GIVE ME THOSE DOLEN! SO, YOU'RE THE CONCEITED IDIOT WHO REPLACED ARINTH. ENT GIVE HIM THE PARA-RAY!
WAIT! WAIT!
WHAT FOR? I HAVE WHAT I WANT. GIVE HIM A GOOD VOLT!
OOOH!
SURE! HE'LL BE OUT FOR A LONG TIME! SOMEONE'S COMING!
WHAT! WHY, IT'S DETCH. HE WAS AT THE IMPORT-EXPORT COMPANY ON A BUYING MISSION. HE'S WITH SOMEONE...
DETCH! WHO'S THAT?
A SAFETY TECHNICIAN — SHE WAS SPYING ON US AT THE IMPORT EXPORT COMPANY!
HE'S LOOKING AT ME CLOSELY — TOO CLOSELY!

A SAFETY TECHNICIAN, BUT BUT THOSE FEATURES - THEY LOOK VERY FAMILIAR...
OH, HE'S STARTING TO RECOGNIZE ME...
WAIT! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! IT'S ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE - YOU'RE - YOU'RE... WHAT'S THAT?
ONE CHANCE! MY HYPNO-DISK...
Y-YOUR NAME IS - IS...
BLAST IT! MY MIND'S GOING BLANK - THAT SHINY DISK...
HE'S STARTING TO FEEL THE EFFECTS!
C-CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OFF IT - I'M GETTING SLEEPY - SLEEPY...
ZIRCA - WHAT'S WRONG?
THEY SUSPECT! MUST PROJECT MY WILL-COMMAND TO ZIRCA!
TELL THEM EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, ZIRCA! THEN OPEN THE DOLEN BOX!
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!
M-MUST OBEY - CAN'T HELP MYSELF! OPEN B-BOX...
GOOD! NOW TAKE THE DOLEN OUT - TAKE IT OUT, I SAY!
TH-THERE! I'VE DONE IT - I...
WHAT! SOMETHING SNAPS IN MY HEAD! I'VE BROKEN THE HYPNO SPELL....OH! THE DOLEN - BURSTING INTO FLAME!
7

NOXO-GAS! RUN FOR THE SUB-TERRA ESCAPE PASSAGE-WAY! I-I'LL GET HER...
TOO LATE! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! I-OOH!
AAAH!
AS BODIES SLUMP, MYSTA REACHES THE RADI-PHONE AND...
SAFETY POLICE? QUICKLY, COME TO SUB-TERRA TUNNEL 10A-SUB-STRATA 3- HURRY!
SOON THE SAFETY POLICE SEARCH AND ARROSE THE SUB-STRATA LEVELS- AND LATER AS DIM MINDS START TO STIR- AND STRIVE TO REMEMBER THE SWIFT EVENTS...
DIRECTOR GARRO, YOU'RE SAFE! HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO CAPTURE THIS ZIRCA AND HIS MOB?
ZIRCA? CAPTURED? Y-YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME- M-MY MIND'S HAZY...
AND LATER...
I'M A REPORTER FOR TELE-VIDEO NEWS, SIR. EH, EXACTLY HOW DID YOU CAPTURE ZIRCA, AND HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THE NOXO-GAS YOURSELF?
WELL YOU SEE I, ER-I...
I CAN ANSWER THAT! HE CLEVERLY SATURATED THE DOLEN WITH NITRO-SODIUM, WHICH, UPON CONTACT WITH OXYGEN, FORMS NOXO-GAS! THESE SCREENED NOSE PLUGS PROTECTED HIM.
SO THAT'S THE STORY, SIR?
ER, Y-YES!
I DON'T RECALL DOING THAT! I- WAIT! THAT TECHNICIAN- HMMM... I WONDER...
THIS UPSTART IS BEGINNING TO AMUSE ME!

# FREE

WITH THIS AMAZING OFFER!

## 5 Inside Secrets that Simply and Quickly show YOU HOW TO Fight! Wrestle! Jiu-Jitsu! plus WEIGHT LIFTING! STRONG MAN STUNTS!

BE PREPARED TO PROTECT YOUR FAMILY, FRIENDS, YOURSELF IN ANY EMERGENCY. BE ADMIRED! If you, your friends and family were suddenly attacked tonight . . . by thieves breaking into your home . . . while passing through a deserted section . . . or by the bully of the neighborhood tomorrow! Frankly, how capable would you be in winning this challenge to your life, property and pride? So that every red-blooded American may be able to meet any such challenge, George F. Jowett will give you free, his "SMASHING CHAMPION SECRETS". Contains priceless professional secrets on the art of FIGHTING, WRESTLING, JIU JITSU, WEIGHT LIFTING, and STRONG MAN STUNTS! Tricks of the Trade that have been tested and proved over many years through actual successful use by the police, armed forces, and professional fighters, wrestlers, etc. Now, you too, like thousands of others can quickly and simply master these secrets by the mass "HOW-TO-DO-IT" PICTURES that KNOW YOU HOW! So clearly illustrated that you can't help but fool George F. Jowett, World's Champion of Champions, is right at your side personally showing you these inside secrets . . . how to simply and powerfully deliver a knockout . . . how to break any hold . . . how to overpower any opponent, plus tricks of weight lifting and strong man stunts. Gals enclosure and win respect! FREE for a limited time with this sensational offer, if you act now!

YOU NEED MUSCULAR HE-MAN FITNESS TO HANDLE ANY TOUGH SITUATION!

NOW! ALL 5 Famous Jowett Courses IN 1 COMPLETE BODY BUILDING VOLUME!

FOR ONLY 25¢ AND MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN FREE!

MAKE ME PROVE— I can make YOU

# COMMANDO-TOUGH

inside and out . . . in double quick time —OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says George F. Jowett whom experts call the WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

## GIVE ME 10 MINUTES A DAY

### LEARN MY TIME TESTED SECRETS OF STRENGTH

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the builder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back . . . in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

### PROVE IT YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". As far as one night! Experience the thrilling strength that stirs through your muscles.

### 10-DAY TRIAL

Think of it — all 5 famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 25c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't miss this opportunity! Send FREE GIFT COUPON at once to receive the FREE guide "Smashing Champion Secrets" plus FREE famous photo book of Secrets of Steel Muscles of Iron.

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

### BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!

I am making a drive for thousands of For Only new friends fast — Regardless of Cost! (Value $1 Muscle Guide) 25¢

So Get Now My 5($5 each) Building Courses

All in 1 great complete volume

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!

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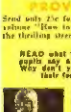
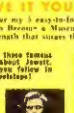
READ what these famous pupils say about Jowett. Why don't you follow in their footsteps!



A. PASSAMONT Jowett - trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



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This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of muscle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. This FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN is given with "Smashing Champion Secrets" if you order now!

PLUS FREE!

George F. Jowett Champion of Champions

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George F. Jowett: Please send my return mail, postpaid, your "Smashing Champion Secrets" and FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with my 5 famous Jowett courses in 1 volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". Enclosed is 25¢. Mighty Cash. Mighty Muscle Builder. Mighty Girls. 4. Mighty Mags. 5. Mighty Hints. Legendary of all the "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Enclosed is 25¢. Mighty Cash.

NAME ..... AGE .....

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ADDRESS .....

# NEW Swiss Chalet Electric WHIRLING CLOCK

**NEW! DIFFERENT! SENSATIONAL!**
**Here's BEAUTY! Here's ACTION!**
**Here's the PERFECT TIMEPIECE!**

Precision ELECTRIC CLOCK is Accurate and Dependable

It's Guaranteed only $3.69
2 for $6.95

## AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING ELECTRIC CLOCK VALUE!

**Watch the Rainbow Colored Whirling Disc Spin Round and Round as Time Marches On!**

Think of the fun and satisfaction that can now be yours with this Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. This new ornamental clock with its colorful and intricate Swiss design, its beautiful molded plastic case and its precision electric movement, will add charm and beauty to any room. Your family and friends will be positively delighted with the striking colors of the painted Alpine Scene which adorns the clear-view, easily read dial of the clock. Made to represent a world renowned Swiss Chalet this lovely clock is unquestionably the most beautiful, the most original and the most useful electric clock ever to be offered for the sensational low price of $3.69 or two for $6.95. All the quaint styling of famed Swiss Craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this beautiful chalet replica, from the rustic colored shingles on the roof and the artistic chimney to the latticed windows and mounted deer's head. Even the native bird and the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl are all accurately reproduced. This Swiss Chalet Precision Electric Whirling Clock is made so it can either hang on wall or stand on table. Measures full 6¾ inches high. It's unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy and to perform faithfully and accurately.

**The electric motor which powers this clever time piece is the quiet kind which requires no winding. There is no hum to disturb your sleep. Just plug it into your electric socket and watch the multi-colored spinning disc whirl away the passing of time.**

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